McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor. OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY. TERMS: $1.25 Per Year.

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NARROWLY ESCAPED BEING DROWNED.

Everill Rice Slid Through The Ice Last Sunday.

LITTLE CHILD TRIES TO SAVE HIM.

Both Are Rescued by R. T. Lyle Who Hears Cries of The Two Boys—He Too Fell Into the Icy Waters—Accident Happened on Mill Pond off Mill Street.

Everill, the seven-year-old son of Arthur Rice, who resides on Mill street this borough, had a narrow escape from drowning in the mill pond about 11 o'clock last Sunday morning, and his rescue is probably due to the pluck and courage of his companion, Herbert Terry, another seven-year-old youngster who was playing with him.

The two boys were sliding on the ice on a sled, and were having a good time. By keeping near the bank where the ice is comparatively thick they were perfectly safe, but it seems that the ice pitched a little from the bank toward the center of the pond and finally the youngsters partially lost control of the sled which at this time was headed for the thin ice over the channel where there is more or less current. Young Terry had sufficient presence of mind to roll off the sled before they reached the thin ice, but the little Rice boy lost his head and stuck to the sled. A few feet further out the ice broke letting Everill and his sled into the water, which is quite deep at this point.

Both children made frantic cries for help and not getting any response the little Terry boy went to his friend's assistance and made a desperate effort to pull his companion out of his perilous position. However Rice is considerably the larger boy of the two and his efforts were in vain, so the little fellow hung on to his friend and continued his cries for help.

Finally R. T. Lyle who resides on Mill street, only a short distance from where the accident happened, heard the cries and rushed to the bank of the pond. Upon taking in the situation he ran down to the water's edge and after calling Herbert Terry back where the ice was safe he went to Everill Rice's assistance. The ice was so thin, however, that it gave way with Mr. Lyle and he too plunged into the icy water. Although the water was quite deep Mr. Lyle succeeded in getting the boy and himself out of the water and carried him to his home.

The Rice boy, who had been in the water several minutes, was pretty badly chilled but good care and warm clothes brought him around all right in a short time, and Mr. Lyle did not suffer any ill effects from his icy plunge.

COUNCIL MEETING.

Borough Fathers Meet Monday Night at 8 O'Clock.

Monday evening the borough council met in the council rooms in the hose house and considerable business was transacted.

Roll was called, and all members were present but one, E. W. Workley being absent, after which the minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved.

Bills to the amount of $434.96 were ordered paid.

A communication was read from the Water Supply Company of Pennsylvania, which is located at Harrisburg, asking the number of fire hydrants in the borough and the amount of money paid the water company for same. The secretaray was instructed to answer the letter by stating the number of hydrants and adding that of this number only 12 were adequate for fire protection, and that the borough pays the water company $200 a year for the water for fire protection.

A representative of the Smethport Fire Department was present and in behalf of that organization tendered the council the use of the hose parlors for their meeting room, in place of the kitchen which they were to take, upon giving up their present quarters for the billiard room of the fire department. A resolution was unanimously adopted accepting the offer.

The report of the burgess was read and showed but five arrests during the month of January. One sentence was paid, two were served in the borough bastile, and two promised to pay their fines.

The annual report of the secretary of the Board of Health was read. The report showed much less communicable sickness during the year than of the year 1909. The report was accepted and ordered filed.

A motion was regularly made and seconded that the salary of the chief-of-police be reduced from $60 to $55 a month, commencing March 1.

A motion was made and seconded that the salary of the street commissioner be increased from $55 a month to $60, to begin March 1.

The salary of the borough solicitor was left the same as heretofore, $12.50 a month. Also that of the secretary was left at $48.00 a year.

The secretary was instructed to make out and send bills to the people owning property on Nelson, Allegheny and Pine streets along whose frontage the new sewer lines were laid last spring.

Meeting adjourned.

FIREMAN BADLY INJURED.

Flue Blown Out of Locomotive Boiler Caused Him to Leap From Engine.

Joseph Bushey, employed as a fireman on the Erie railroad, was seriously injured shortly after 10 o'clock yesterday morning near Ritersville. He was firing a locomotive which was hauling a freight train up the heavy grade at that point. He had opened the fire box and was shoveling coal in when a flue blew out and in an instant the cab was filled with scalding water and steam. In the cab at the time were Engineer Charles Danielson, Trainmaster Ormsby and Road Foreman of Engines Preston. Mr. Bushey received the full force of the outburst and in a frenzy of pain leaped from the locomotive. The engine was at the time passing over the Ritersville trestle and the unfortunate man, dazed and blinded with steam, fell a distance of over 30 feet to the ground. Ormsby and Preston escaped injury, but Danielson was slightly scalded.

When the train was stopped a few minutes later, the injured fireman had crawled up the embankment to the track and was there taken in charge by the other railroad men and placed in the engine cab.

Word of the accident was sent to the Bradford office of the [illegible] [illegible] vices of a physician from [illegible] This [illegible] injured man [illegible] attention until [illegible] Dr. Winger and Dr. [illegible] reached the scene. The [illegible] brought the injured man to [illegible] at about [illegible] p. m. and Mr. Bushey was conveyed in [illegible] from the depot to the Bradford hospital where his injuries were given further attention by Drs. Winger and Stewart.

The physicians found that the fireman was severely scalded and that he was seriously bruised by his fall from the trestle. If no internal injuries develop, he is expected to recover.

Mr. Bushey is 23 years of age and it is stated that he was to be married next Tuesday. He has been employed by the Erie railroad for about three years.—Bradford Era.

H. A. ISHERWOOD DEAD.

Father of County Treasurer F. P. Isherwood Died Yesterday.

County Treasurer Frank P. Isherwood received the sad intelligence yesterday morning that his father, Hiram P. Isherwood had died that morning at his home in Cambridge Springs, Crawford county. Mr. Isherwood left here yesterday afternoon to attend the funeral. Deceased was nearly 92 years of age and was one of the eldest residents of Crawford county, having been born and reared in the vicinity of which he died.

Mr. Isherwood is survived by his widow; three sons, M. S. Isherwood of Pittsburg; W. R. Isherwood of Cambridge Springs, and F. P. Isherwood of Smethport, and two daughters, Mrs. Charles Straw of Cambridge Springs and Mrs. Carl Compstock of Edinboro, Pa.

The funeral services are to be held at Cambridge Springs on Saturday forenoon.

For Sale or Rent.

One of the best houses in Smethport, located on delightful grounds, together with barns and several acres of land. For further information call on or address

H. C. WELLS,
Smethport, Pa.

Feb.9-4t

S. G. SOUTHWICK DISAPPEARS.

Well-Known Smethport Man Disappears From Glendora, California.

Samuel G. Southwick, who spent all his life in the vicinity of Smethport, and well-known by many of this county's older residents, left his home in Glendora, California, on Tuesday, January 24, and so far as we can learn, has not been found. He was a veteran of the civil war and lived about two miles east of Smetthport up to about six years ago when he moved to California.

The Glendora Gleaner of January 27, gives the following account of his disappearance:

S. G. Southwick mysteriously disappeared from his home Tuesday morning, and the last seen of him was about 8 o'clock a. m., climbing the Whitcomb trail over the mountain, carrying a gun. His suspicious actions before leaving was the occasion of inquiry as to where he had gone in the forenoon, and as he failed to return before noon, fears as to his safety became so strong that searching parties were sent out. The footsteps of the missing man were struck at the base of the trail and followed with little difficulty to the Whitcomb water tank, about a mile up, after which no trace of his footsteps could be found; and although the search has been kept up diligently since, a good part of the time in a pouring rain, no further trace of the missing man has been found. A reward of twenty-five dollars has been offered for the recovery of the body, if dead, or if alive, for information that will lead to his whereabouts. It is possible that the missing man might have slipped and fell while hunting about the canyons, and hurt himself so seriously that he could not travel; or it may be a case of suicide. Circumstances connected with the case point to the latter. The missing man is 69 years old and of late he has not been able to work steadily, owing, probably, to his declining years. A realization of his growing infirmity may have preyed upon his mind, in view of his lack of ample means, to such an extent as to superinduce a state of melancholy. Before leaving Mr. Southwick went to the Glendora livery barn, where his son is at work, and got his 22 calibre Savage rifle. After adjusting the [illegible] the old gentleman walked back to his son, [illegible] his hand and [illegible] good bye. When questioned about what was the matter and where he was going the father turned and walked off without making a reply.

FIRE DEPARTMENT ATTRACTION.

Clay-Moulder, Cartoonist and Impersonator Will Be at the Lyceum, Feb. 16.

J. Franklin Caveny, reputed to be one of the best artists in his line on the road to-day, will be seen at the Smethport Lyceum on Thursday, Feb. 16, under the direction of the Smethport Fire Department. Mr. Caveny is a clay-moulder, cartoonist and impersonator. His wife travels with him and is said to have a beautiful soprano voice, and to be a pianist of great ability. Her work is interspersed through the program.

In this line of entertainment it is difficult to obtain good people, and the committee having charge of the selection of these entertainments, has secured one of the best they could find, and an evening of perfect enjoyment can be looked forward to.

The proceeds of these attractions go to the fire department and every person should patronize them, as it is a most worthy cause. Course tickets can be exchanged at Wells' drug store for reserved seats at a nominal price.

Popular Courses.

The Spring Term special courses at the Clarion State Normal School proved last season to be immensely popular and helpful to the hundreds of students who attended that institution. For the coming term, they have been greatly expanded. Special classes will be maintained for teachers who need Agriculture, Drawing, Music and School Methods. Write for the Bulletin to J. George Becht, Clarion, Pa.

For Sale.

8 improved vacant lots at Crosby, Pa. 2 show cases, 1 money drawer, paper rack and counter. House and 3 acres of land situated between Crosby and Colegove, Pa., with other buildings.

VOLNEY F. DUNBAR,
Portville, N. Y.

Feb.2-12t

BACKUS NOVELTY PLANT WILL SOON EXPAND.

This Company Has Purchased The Cut Glass Factory.

CAPITAL STOCK RAISED TO $30,000.

Will Build Large Fire-Proof Garage On east Side of New Plant—Prospects Bright for Its Being Smethport's Best Industry—All the Stock Is Sold.

The Backus Novelty company has sold all of the $11,100 in stock to increase its paid in capital stock to $30,000, and now the managers are making preparations to increase its business accordingly and late spring or early summer this company will be located in its new plant and will be in readiness to take care of its fast increasing business.

Instead of building an entirely new factory as was the intention when the new issue of stock was offered to the public, Manager A. C. Backus has closed a deal for the purchase of the large building of the Smethport Cut Glass Company on Water street, adjacent to the old plant of the Backus Company, and will soon have a force of men at work remodeling this plant for the new factory. In addition to this a large garage will be erected on the east side of this building. This garage will be 50x50 feet, one story high and will be of cement blocks and steel, making it almost absolutely fire proof.

One day last week Manager Backus took the writer through the cut glass plant and pointed out some of his plans for the new plant. The front of the first floor will be somewhat remodeled by putting large modern windows and fitted up into convenient offices for the company, and the remainder of this floor will be divided into [illegible] rooms. The basement will contain the heavy presses and stamping machinery together with the engine room and the stock room. The second floor will probably be used for the wood furniture [illegible] in constructing [illegible] the Backus Locking Check system. A substantial freight elevator will be put into the building and the heating system improved, making it one of the most modern and convenient manufacturing plants in this section.

With the additional capital of $11,000 and the new and improved quarters Mr. Backus feels certain that this company will do a profitable business from the very start. Four and a half years ago this company was organized with a capital stock of $12,000 and the marketing of the Backus Locking Check system was started. Besides getting a new commodity on the market and the reverses a new concern of this kind always meets this company has made money and now with a well-established trade and the benefit of experience there is every reason to believe that the Backus Novelty Company will be a successful and substantial business enterprise that will be a great benefit to Smethport for years to come.

At the present time this company has enough orders booked and contracts closed to double the force of men as soon as they can get into their new quarters, and inquiries for work of this kind are coming in every day.

The garage and automobile supply and repair shop will be up to date in every way and will be the most complete in every detail outside of the large cities. This company is selling agents for the Peerless, the Selden, E. M. F. and Flanders cars, and has a nice business started in this line.

HAD TWO OPERATIONS.

M. S. Comes of Keating Township Having Trouble With an Eye.

M. S. Comes, a well-known Keating township farmer and business man, has been having a very serious time with one of his eyes, and his many friends are much concerned for fear he will lose the sight of that member.

Several weeks ago an ulcer formed on this eye and he went to Olean where he received treatment which was followed by an operation. While this operation gave him some relief it did not effect an entire cure and one day last week he underwent another operation, and this does not seem to have entirely removed the trouble, and he suffers a great deal from it.

Mr. Comes was home over Sunday returning to Olean on Monday. His physician, Dr. Bartlett, hopes to have him entirely cured in a few weeks.

A NEW AIR CRAFT.

It Is Partly Dirigible Balloon and the Balance Aeroplane.

Lieut. H. E. Honeywell of St. Louis has a novel air craft with which he plans to fly from New York to San Francisco in 48 hours, actual flying time. He purposes to make the flight early in the spring after he has navigated his craft from St. Louis to New York.

Honeywell is a noted western aeronaut. He has made many balloon ascensions. He is a lieutenant of the signal corps of the National Guard of Missouri and he is in command of the aeronautic section of the State militia.

For the last two months he has been experimenting with his new air craft at San Antonio, Tex. It made many successful flights, carrying as many as five passengers and made an average speed of [illegible] miles an hour.

It is neither an aeroplane nor a dirigible balloon. It is a combination of both principles. A pear shaped gas bag filled with hydrogen is mounted over a monoplane structure. The craft is driven with a gasoline motor. In his experiments Honeywell obtained all the efficiency of a speedy monoplane with the added buoyancy of a dirigible. The dirigible feature enables the craft to hover over a given spot with its motor stopped.

Honeywell believes his craft will be valuable in warfare. He intends to make regular trips from city to city with it.

MURDER BEYOND DOUBT.

Two Fatal Wounds Found on the Body of Emile Amann.

That Emile Amann, the water inspector, whose dead body was found [illegible] Saturday morning at Warren, [illegible] beyond doubt by the post mortem examination. In addition to the bullet wound entirely through his head, a second wound was discovered [illegible] the body at the center of the spinal column severing the cord and came out on the left side of the [illegible]. It would be a physical impossibility for the victim to have fired this shot and either this wound or the first [illegible], through his head, would have proved fatal.

There is absolutely no theory in sight upon which the local authorities and out-of-town detectives who have been called, can fasten a theory. Mr. Amann was, so far as was known, without an enemy and was of a friendly, jovial disposition. His private life was clean and his record known to the community.

At the coroner's inquest held late Monday afternoon it was brought out that the Colt automatic revolver found near the body early Saturday morning was partially identified as one that had been kept in the office of the water company and to which Amann had access.—Kane Leader.

A SOCIAL GATHERING.

The L. V. Harris bible class gave a dime social Monday evening, Feb. 6th, at the M. E. chapel. A short business meeting was held after which all listened to a very interesting program given by the young people of the church. A part of the program was for each member of the L. V. Harris bible class to tell how he or she earned the dollar they were to give to help swell the class fund. Some very interesting experiences were given. Some told how they served lunches, others said their husbands would be minus the dollar, some had chain teas, others did small pieces of work and thereby gained a few cents each time. Mr. and Mrs. Bright, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Masser, Mr. and Mrs. Amster, Mrs. Rose Herzog and Mrs. Denning gave a musical social to make their dollars and they were able to turn in $16.00. Some refused to tell just how they got their dollars, others told in rhyme of their hard work.

After the program refreshments were served by the social committee.

Net proceeds were $43.50. All left declaring they had spent a very pleasant evening.

WANTED—Canvassers for Smethport and vicinity. Cash daily. Pleasant, Permanent, Profitable. Experience unnecessary. Address, giving previous employment, HALL, 29 S. 16th St., Harrisburg, Penna. Feb.9-1t

COL. GILLETT'S MINSTRELS.

Big Attraction at Smethport Lyceum, Next Wednesday Evening, Feb. 15.

The theatre lovers of the city have but few days to wait now for the coming of Colonel Melville Gillett's Combined Buckeye Minstrels, the excellency of Minstrelsy, which appears at the Lyceum on next Wednesday evening, February 15, 1911. The Colonel and his big supporting company under the Wells' management are receiving many flattering notices from the press wherever the attraction appears, even the "yellow journals" are pleased to adapt his "Spring of 1911" jokes to their needs and their "Funny Paper Supplements" are faithful reproductions of the wit of the Colonel and his Funny End Men. We note that each joke has been inspected under the stringent Pure Food Law, and that no stale, cold storage stuff is allowed. This is a novel thing in Minstreldom.

The Colonel has a theory that every American citizen has due him, the citizen, once in a life-time, a good frame-racking laugh, and undertakes to supply it to his large audiences at each performance he is giving, in this farewell tour of Gillett's Minstrels.

The Colonel is a great believer in advertising judging from the large amount of advertising matter that is decking out the bill boards and store windows of the city. We find many old-time familiar faces depicted in the lithographs. There is our old friend, "Doc" Burr, the celebrated buck and wing dancer, born in Norwich, and F. De Hill the champion, one-stringed fiddler born in the same place. Win Corker, who performs wonderful feats with his hands on the slack wire or [illegible]. He is old enough to be born again, child, where he originally came from history doesn't record. Lin Jackson the versatile character artist of the early sixties is still at it. It is doubtful if this minstrel's last day will ever be sung. Mr. Nuf [illegible] a six-foot fellow and a new [illegible]. He is said to be [illegible]

Sam Hennessy is the [illegible] of the Colonel's outfit [illegible] Sam will be [illegible] [illegible] has the last laugh [illegible]

The first part [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] band is [illegible]

[illegible] vaudeville, and it is the real [illegible] variety, nothing to offend, all the artists that ever artisted for art or sweet charity's sake, take part. The local theatre probably never saw such a galaxy of stars, aerolites, satellites and greater lights as this will be. Not a meteor in the cast, none but the tied and true, legitimate, dyed in the wool, live forever, forget-me-not, artist in the Colonel's big company.

Their vaudeville is a fetching from far off Paris. Keith & Proctor are green with envy and the Colonel is afraid he can't keep the great combine together after this season. A real Parisian novelty is the roller skate act by McClure & Smith, recently from the New York Hippodrome. "Comedy Awheels" the New York papers call it.

The big street parade will positively occur as advertised, the hour is three instead of twelve, owing to the poor railroad connections at Pittsburgh. Don't miss it, the usual concert by the celebrated Gold Band in front of the post office.

Now, don't fail to remember that this is the one big benefit for our Smethport band. We need the band and they need the money to buy new music and pay for their instruction and other expenses of their fine organization. The band is rapidly coming to the front rank among the best in this part of the state. The tickets are at popular prices, fifty cents and down. Get them from Alex Cunningham, Clare Van Dusen, Gus Swanson, Guy McCoy, Burdette Dickenson, Committee or at Wells' drug store. Reserved seats sale Saturday morning. Get them early to insure good seats, for standing room will surely be at a premium at the Lyceum next Wednesday evening.

Millinery for Winter.

My Millinery display for Winter is now ready and if you are looking for the really correct things in ladies' headgear, call and see

Oct.6-tf CARRIE CLARK.

A FATHER'S DREAM

The Last Scheme Herr Bischoff Planned For His Son.

By HELEN COMFORT.

[Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.]

In the center of a large tract of land in Germany a hundred years ago stood a hunting lodge owned by Wilhelm Bischoff, a retired merchant of Berlin. Both Bischoff and his son Carl were sportsmen and used to go to this lodge in the proper season to hunt. The wild boar was at that time still to be found in certain parts of that country. When food was scarce the woods were infested with wolves.

The elder Bischoff was an optimist, often surprising his family by some visionary scheme. His son Carl, who inherited the traits of his mother rather than those of his father, was of a more equitable mental organization.

On one of Carl's visits to the lodge when his father remained at home he stopped one day while hunting at an ancient schloss occupied by one of those impoverished German noblemen whose ancestors were great men and whose descendants have had to pay for their progenitors' prominence. The schloss had always belonged to the Gehrensteins, whose living had been gained by plundering. But that part of the country did not fill up with the rest, and the laws gradually did away with the employment of the robber barons. He who occupied the schloss at the time the incident narrated in this story occurred had a pitiful income, which he supplemented by game.

Carl Bischoff was entertained by the baron, the only member of whose family living was Gretchen, a fair haired, blue eyed maiden of nineteen. Brought up in a wild region, a certain uncouthness marked her movements. Yet she had inherited the peculiar superiority of her ancestors. Carl followed her with his eyes wherever she went and saw in her the lady of the middle ages of which he had often read. Indeed, having lived in the same schloss, in the same wild country as they, she could not be anything else.

Instead of hunting the wild boar Carl Bischoff remained at the schloss till the time had arrived for his return to Berlin. He went away desperately in love with Gretchen Gehrenstein, and as he was the first young man

PICKED HIM OFF WITH UNERRING AIM.

of quality she had ever seen his love was returned. And, being returned, it was returned tenfold.

When Carl reached his father's house the hunting season was drawing to a close. The elder Bischoff had been detained from his accustomed outing and a few days after his son's return started for the lodge. Before going he called Carl into his library and said:

"Carl, I have just completed negotiations for your marriage with the daughter of Herman von Hecker, who is in high favor with the king. I can settle upon you a fortune, and with this alliance you will be received at court. This will give you an opportunity to distinguish yourself either in the diplomatic service, the army or some department of the government."

"So?" said the young man, who was used to his father's schemes and thought it better to wait for him to replace the present one with another. "That will be fine indeed."

Bischoff was much pleased with his son's compliance and went off to the lodge in a very good humor. A few days after his arrival the Lady Gretchen was riding through the forest when she came upon a riderless horse nipping what grass remained after the frosts preliminary to winter. The trappings denoted that the rider was above the ordinary woodchopper and trapper, and it was evident that some gentleman had met with an accident. She rode about till she caught sight of a man sitting on the ground leaning against a tree. Riding up to him, she asked him what was his trouble. She did not know that he was the father of her lover, and he did not know that she was his son's sweetheart.

"I am much pleased to see you, my dear young lady," he said feebly. "In chasing a boar my horse stumbled and fell, his whole weight coming down on my leg, which I fear is broken. I beg of you to catch him that I may get back to my hunting lodge."

Gretchen dashed away after the horse and soon returned leading him by the bridle. Dismounting, she endeavored to assist the man to rise, but in the effort to do so the pain of a broken leg threw him into a faint. Gretchen waited till he had come back to consciousness, when the two consulted what should be done. They were very near a wood road. It did not seem possible for them to make any more. Their only plan was to wait for some woodcutter to come and remove the injured man on his sledge.

An hour passed. It was coming dark, and yet no one had come. The invalid was growing despondent and somewhat terrorized at the prospect of spending the night in the forest. Then the girl asked him if he would consent to stay alone while she went for assistance. He agreed to the plan. She mounted her horse and was about to ride away when a distant bark was heard. She waited, listening. The bark was answered by one near by.

"I cannot leave you," she said. "There are wolves near at hand."

Bischoff blanched. "But, my dear lady," he said, "if there are wolves you must go. I cannot consent that you should perish because I must perish."

She looked at him with a surprised expression, not seeming to understand him. Her ancestors had not been accustomed to fear any danger. It was a part of their lives. And as to leaving one of their companions to suffer death to insure their own safety, such a thing had not occurred to them. It did not occur to this faraway offspring that had never known any surroundings except those in which they had lived. She cast a quick glance at the horses, as much as to say, "They will suffice to feed the wolves if there are not too many of them." Then she took up Bischoff's rifle and examined it. It was no breechloader of the present day. Every charge had to be rammed home before another could be fired. A small rifle was hanging from the saddle of her horse. She unhooked it and laid it beside the man. Then she led her horse some fifty yards away, tied him to a tree and did the same with Herr Bischoff's horse, placing the animals on different sides of them. All these preparations she made as a general expecting an attack would dispose of his means of defense. The last preparation was the gathering of what wood she could find and the lighting of a fire.

It was quite dark before the first wolf was seen, and then only two eyes like coals of fire appeared. Frightful neighs were heard from both the horses as the brutes sprang upon them. The fire kept off the wolves, though Gretchen stood before it, her rifle in hand, and if one of them came too near she picked him off with unerring aim, reloading immediately. There was plenty of powder and ball at hand and so long as it was not necessary to fire rapidly the ammunition could be utilized. Bischoff sat with his rifle ready to shoot, while Gretchen reloaded, and with the two, the fire and the horses to satisfy the wolves' hunger the prospect was fair—that is, if not too far prolonged.

Herr Bischoff always referred to that period from the fall of darkness till daybreak as the "horrible night." For twelve hours the girl stood defending him, and then when a light began to permeate the forest the wolves were seen stealing away between the trunks of the trees. An hour later a man with a horse and an empty sledge came by on his way for wood. Bischoff was lifted on the sledge and driven to the schloss.

One morning Carl Bischoff, who was attending lectures at the university, received a letter from his father giving an account of his adventure and telling his son that he was at an old tumbledown schloss not far from the lodge with a broken leg. He desired Carl to come to him and as soon as he was able to be moved to take him home. Carl first went to the lodge, where he communicated with Gretchen, telling her that she had saved and was nursing his father and asking her not to recognize him (Carl) when he appeared.

This matter having been arranged between the lovers, Carl appeared at the schloss. When he had embraced his father and they had rejoiced that he had been spared to his family the latter said:

"Carl, I have a new scheme for you."

"Oh, father," said Carl, "you are always having new schemes! What is this one?"

"You remember the marriage plan I had for you. Well, I have changed my mind. This girl who has saved me is in truth a wild looking thing"—

"Very."

"But she has descended from great people. I think it quite possible your mother can take her and make a lady of her. Now, I wish you—if I can get her for you—to marry her. It is quite likely that by repairing this venerable pile and your taking the additional name of Gehrenstein at her father's death you may assume the title. This will be a better platform from which to enter public life."

"Father, say no more. I cannot consent one day to please you by falling in with your selection of a wife for me and another falling in with another scheme."

"I will double the amount to be settled on you."

"Desist."

"I will spend a hundred thousand marks on this schloss."

"Do not tempt me. I am in love."

The father sighed. "With whom?" he asked lugubriously.

The son put his arms about his father's neck.

"With this girl, my old poppy, whom you have called a wild thing and who has preserved you for us."

"You love this girl?"

"Yes."

"And yet only last week you agreed to marry another."

"I knew you would change your mind."

This was the last dream Herr Bischoff had for his son, and it turned out a reality. The schloss was renewed in more than its ancient splendor, and Carl is now Carl Bischoff von Gehrenstein.

SEA MYSTERY.

Showing That Hate Is Stronger Than the Elements.

By F. A. MITCHEL.

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I have been on the sea for forty years and have passed through many dangers. Thus I have had ample opportunity to observe how different people will act in the presence of death. Three times have I been carried from a stranded ship over boiling seas in a breeches buoy and twice gone down with the ship. While I can't say that I have become used to it, yet I have gained self control in the presence of death, and this has enabled me to take notice of the action of others similarly situated.

Up to a certain point a marine disaster is like a battle, many on board being sustained by an endeavor to avert the catastrophe. But once all effort has become useless those exposed to the merciless waters sink to a condition of despair. Then the timid woman may rise above the vigorous man, and a little child may show more fortitude than all. Once, and only once, in my long experience have I witnessed a case where the fear of death from the waves was swallowed by something stronger.

In 187— I was captain of a steamer fitted up for the passenger service and running between New York and Bermuda. One trip we made it, a season when travel was at a minimum and carried very few passengers. The day we sailed the weather was fair. The few passengers were supposed to be on board, and the gangplank was about to be drawn in when a man was seen running through the dock house for the steamer. I was leaning over the rail at the time to see that all was clear for pulling out, and as soon as the newcomer was aboard I turned away. Then I saw a passenger standing on the deck pale as a ghost.

"Did he get aboard?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied and gave the signal to move. I had too much on my mind to give any thought to the incident,

LET FALL HIS BLOWS WITH THE FURY OF A DEMON.

and it did not occur to me again till later in the voyage.

The next morning after breakfast as I was going up on to the bridge a man stopped me and said:

"Captain, since you have sailed one of your passengers has disappeared."

"How do you know that?" I asked.

"Never mind how I know it. I simply report the fact."

"Which one is missing?"

"His name is on the list as Elbert Carpenter."

"I will have a search made."

I called for the purser, went over the list with him and told him to find Elbert Carpenter. He made a search and reported that no such man was aboard the ship. A stateroom had been engaged under the name, but the key had not been called for. No one knew him, and it was not known whether he had come aboard or not. I sent for the passenger who had reported the matter and told him that it was probable the man had been left behind.

"No, he wasn't," said the informant. "I saw him on deck standing beside you when I came aboard."

"Are you the man who came late?" I asked.

"Yes. I was the last one to go up the gangplank."

Then I remembered the passenger who seemed to have been affected by the other's coming.

"What's your name?" I asked.

"Burton—Edgar Burton."

"Well, Mr. Burton, will you be good enough to tell me why you take so great an interest in this man Carpenter?"

Without reply he turned on his heel and left me. I asked the purser what it all meant, and he said he didn't know. A man had engaged passage under the name of Elbert Carpenter, but he had seen nothing of him. He had searched the ship and had not found him, but admitted that it was quite possible for a man to hide, especially by going away down into the depths of the hold. I took a look at all the passengers—there were but twelve of them—with a view to discovering if I could recognize the man who had stood beside me when we sailed. After examining them all I was sure he was not among them.

The affair was a mystery. The officers made it a topic of conversation while on and off duty, and the passengers in the smoking room talked and made bets about it. A pool was laid based on different solutions of the problem whether Carpenter had come aboard, was still aboard or had gone overboard. The only person from whom it seemed probable that information could be obtained was Mr. Burton, but when approached on the subject he shut himself up like a clam.

The more I thought about the missing man the more I recalled his appearance. He was rather long of body and short of leg, long neck and red hair, his face being sprinkled with freckles. Mr. Burton was in appearance his antipodes. His body was not long enough for his legs, which were like stilts. His complexion was dark, and his face wore a sinister expression. A scar on his left cheek was noticeable. His head was small, round as a bullet and set down on his high shoulders without any interval of neck.

I instructed the purser to continue to search for the missing passenger, for I had seen him, and he must have come aboard. Of course as soon as we made port his loss would be common property, the reporters would make a good deal out of it, and I preferred that we should be able to give an explanation. But the purser, I was told, poohpoohed both my evidence and that of Mr. Burton, which concurred, and made only a half hearted effort to find the man. His theory was that Carpenter had not come aboard.

But that occurred which put the mystery out of the heads of all of us. Before sailing the signal service had given a warning of a hurricane in the West Indies. I watched the barometer and one morning about four bells saw it drop like lead. It wasn't long after this that the wind began to send fragmentary clouds across the heavens, increasing hour after hour in violence till it was plain that we were in the teeth of the hurricane.

Our vessel was of average strength, but any ordinary ship having to stand the wind and waves of a hurricane is liable to give way. When a wave struck us it was as if several tons of rock had been hurled against us out of the mouth of a gigantic gun. The drops of water beating against my cheek struck like gravel stones. The only passenger on deck was Mr. Burton. I was on the bridge when I saw him come up the companionway, turn and look at the storm. It seemed to make no more impression on him than a twelve knot gale. Then, looking at me, he sang out:

"This will drive him out."

At any other time the words would have seemed ludicrous, but not knowing that if the hurricane didn't blow itself out very soon our vessel would not be able to stand up against it, I had no interest in what the man meant. Indeed, soon after this I heard an ominous creaking and when the bow plunged down in between the monster waves and rose again I felt the ship bend at the waist. From that moment I knew she was liable to break in two.

It was half an hour after this that I left the bridge in charge of the first mate and went below to make an examination. By this time the passengers knew that the ship was about to go to pieces. Passing through the cabin, I found them all, except Burton, grouped while one of them was praying.

"Are we lost, captain?" asked all at once.

"I am going to see," I replied and hurried away. Passing down a companionway, I entered a lower deck. It was dark, but not so dark that I could not discern objects. And this is the sight I saw through the gloom.

There was the long bodied, short legged carpenter defending himself against the stilted Burton. Carpenter's weapon was a heavy furnace poker, Burton's a cutlass that he had stolen from among a lot of old arms that had been locked up in the ship for years. Burton made his thrusts and let fall his blows with the fury of a demon, while Carpenter, though on the defensive, had been driven to bay and was no less wildly vindictive. Both men were covered with blood.

The contrast between this picture and that of the huddled passengers I had just left occurring under the frightful conditions made my blood run cold. The ship and passengers were in my care. I was going to find out how great was the damage from the strain—whether, indeed, we had minutes or hours before being engulfed—and yet my steps were momentarily arrested by the sight of two human beings seeking to kill each other in the very presence of another, a more fearful, ending. Yet it was but a glance I gave them, then hurried on.

I found the strain great, but there were braces that bid fair to still hold the ship together for some time. Having noted this, I hurried back to the bridge by another route than that by which I had come, for I desired to shut off both the praying passengers and the fighting enemies. As soon as I reached the deck I noticed a lull in the wind and saw a yellow strip of light on the horizon in the direction from which the storm had come. I sent an officer to the passengers below to tell them the hurricane had passed and there was hope that the ship would not break in two.

It was not till the next morning that I considered the danger past. Then I went below to announce the good news to the passengers. All were in the cabin except Burton and Carpenter. As I left them I heard the voices of a passenger raised in thanksgiving for having been spared. I went on into the place where I had left the two men fighting and found them lying stone dead. What the elemental tempest had passed over the storm of hate had taken.

Their secret died with them. Nothing ever afterward came up to give a clew to the nature of the feud between them. We buried them at sea, sliding both over the ship's side together.

A Famous Miser.

John Elwes, who lived—we can hardly say flourished—in the eighteenth century, was a famous miser. When he, possessed of a million of money, walked the streets of London philanthropic people would sometimes thrust a penny into his hand, so beggarly and poverty stricken was his appearance. He would eat food that was in the last stage of putrefaction sooner than throw it away and would ride for miles out of his way sooner than pay a twopenny toll on the turnpike. By an accident in the street he received an injury to both his legs, and a doctor was called in. Elwes protested that the expense was quite unnecessary and that he was not much hurt. So he made an arrangement with the doctor. The doctor was to take one leg and treat as he liked. Elwes would take the other and do nothing to it. And he would bet the doctor the amount of his bill that the untended leg got well first. He used to boast afterward that he beat the doctor by a fortnight.

The Art of Boxing.

Pugilism, the practice of boxing or fighting with the fists, was a manly art and exercise highly esteemed among the ancients. In those days the hands of the pugilist were armed with the cestus, leather thongs loaded with lead or iron. This form of athletic sport was at first only permitted to freemen among the Greeks, but gradually it was taken up as a profession and lost much of its prestige.

As an illustration of its early use we find in Virgil's fifth Aeneid the record of a match between Dares, "with nimble feet and confident in youth," and Entellus, the veteran champion, "strong and weighty limbed," when the combatants—

Their arms uplift in air, their heads withdraw
Back from the blows, and, mingling hand with hand,
Provoke the conflict.

Pugilism has been a typical English sport from the days of King Alfred.—London Standard.

Convention of Stags.

Within the imperial preserves where the kaiser and his guests secured 500 deer in one day is the Schorfhalde, which each year toward the month of November becomes the meeting place of thousands of stags. This annual assemblage on the Schorfhalde has taken place every autumn for centuries past. Mention thereof has been found in documents more than a thousand years old. All sorts of theories have been put forward to account for it. Some natives say that the animals meet to decide matters affecting the leadership of their various clans. It seems hard to account otherwise for the attraction which brings stags and their mates from Galicia, on the Russian border; from the Liechtenstein game preserves south of Vienna and from the still larger estates in Hungary belonging to the Archduke Frederick, all the way to the Schorfhalde.—London Chronicle.

The Dialect Was There.

Ex-Governor Bob Taylor of Tennessee was once entertaining a northern guest who was rather skeptical about the prevailing dialect in stories of southern negroes. He thought it overdrawn. To disprove the contention, Mr. Taylor laughingly made a wager with his guest that the northerner would be unable to interpret the language of the first negro they met. Accordingly they set out and presently came upon a black man basking indolently in the sun. Telling his friend to pay close heed, Mr. Taylor stepped up to the negro and demanded suddenly:

"Weh he?"

The negro blinked his eyes stolidly and then answered in a guttural voice:

"Wah who?"—Everybody's.

Found the Saint's Day.

One Russian peasant sued another to recover the sum of 50 rubles, the debtor having faithfully promised to return the money on St. Henry's day. But, having failed to do so for a long time, the lender discovered that the Russian Orthodox church includes no such saint as St. Henry, and the judge before whom the case was tried was much puzzled as to what verdict he should give. Happily the idea occurred to him that, saint or no saint, All Saints' day included even the most doubtful, so he gave judgment that the 50 rubles should be returned next All Saints' day.

Very Obliging.

"Sir," tartly says the lady of uncertain age to the floorwalker, "is there any way of getting one of these salesmen to pay me some attention?"

"Well," says the floorwalker confidentially, "I'll introduce you to any one of them you fancy, but I'll tell you now that all of them have their 'steadies.'"—Judge.

An Amiable Man.

"Why do you argue with your wife? Don't you know it doesn't do you a bit of good?"

"Sure I do. But I ain't got such a mean disposition as to deprive her of the pleasure."—Cleveland Leader.

His Preference.

"Let me give you a pointer," the interlocutor said to the end man.

"Don't give me a pointer," replied the end man; "give me a fox terrier."—Chicago Tribune.

All Ready For the Show.

Orchestra Leader—All the orchestra players are drunk. Theatrical Manager—Well, drag 'em out. We advertised a full orchestra.—Lippincott's.

Diffused knowledge immortalizes itself.—Mackintosh.

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The Overfed Husband.

Prof. Carl von Noorden, addressing a number of prominent scientists at Vienna on the subject of "Food and Nourishment," declared that the reason so many men begin to get fat immediately after they have married is because their wives give them their favorite dishes on every possible occasion.

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McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Feb. 9, 1911.

Local and General.

—Henry O. Gallup is confined to his home on Green street with a complication of troubles. His many friends hope for his speedy recovery.

—The Surprise Oil Company drilled in a dry hole on the County farm last Saturday. This is the first duster this company has got. Another well was located this week.

—An exchange says: Dealers in oysters will be interested in learning that the state pure food department is after those who sell oysters from receptacles in which ice or water has been placed with the bivalves. Under the pure food law it is illegal to sell oysters except such only as are placed in their own juice. The putting of ice or water into cans with the oysters is punishable under the statutes, and state agents have been instructed to look up offenders.

—Many business men get sick after the rush of the holiday season is over and make no attempt to push trade. They cease advertising, are indifferent to the appearance of their stores, and in other ways show that they are negligent, all of which is a great mistake. the wise merchant, of course, does not make that mistake. By attractive, persistent advertising, and by keeping up his stock of goods he pushes things, has a steady business and reaps the advantage of his enterprise and good judgment.

—The Port Allegany Reporter tells the following about the Coryville oil field: An oil well was drilled in on the Mrs. Ella Holmes farm at Coryville last Saturday, that flowed about fifteen barrels before it could be controlled. It was shot on Monday forenoon and on Tuesday thirty-five barrels were pumped from it. Eight barrels a day have been pumped from it since. There are twelve other smaller wells on the same farm, the royalty from which, with the new one, makes a fine income.

—A warning comes from Jersey Shore to be on the lookout for a man and woman who are travelling about the country working the sympathy racket and also the charitable whose hearts are touched by the man's professed loss of sight, and the hard lot of the woman who is peddling trinkets They found shelter for several days with a Mrs Humpton of Jersey Shore, and then during the hostess' absence at church Sunday morning took French leave, and some property of Mrs. Humpton's that she wasn't caring to part with just then.

—The dead body of a child was found jammed under a seat in a coach on the Erie railroad on Friday, while the tain was running from Buffalo to Hornell and has not been identified, but it is thought it is of foreign parentage, and had been dead probably four days, and was hidden there by a woman who was noticed to get on the train carrying a suit case, and seemed to be in sort of a quandary as to where she would sit, thus attracting attention and after the baby was found the conductor thought of this woman, and remembered that she had left the train at a small station between Buffalo and Hornell, and that her ticket was good to a station further on.

—Freida Amacher, a 15-year-old girl, daughter of John Amacher, proprietor of the Rochester House in West Ridgway, and a pupil in the ninth grade of the borough schools, was suddenly stricken blind this morning while studying the reading lesson at her desk. She quickly made it known to the teacher in charge who had her taken to the hospital. There she was attended by the physicians and her sight returned to her. The girl was then taken to her home in West Ridgway. It seems that the girl, who is an industrious student, has had trouble with her eyes lately and it is thought the optics were strained which caused the suspension of sight. —Ridgway Advocate.

—Two good hats were ruined, one face was scratched and two women were arrested Sunday evening as a result of a fight in a Sharpsburg, Pa., street car between two women. The first intimation of the trouble was when loud voices were heard. This was followed by a scuffle and while the car moved on there was a hair pulling match. The two women were taken from the street car at Main street, near Thirteenth, Sharpsburg, and escorted to the police station. Dr. Frank C. Snyder of Sharpsburg attended one of the women, whose face was lacerated. Then the two apologized and both were released. Both refused to give their names, and womanlike, left the police station the best of friends.

—Friday morning B. H. Page, the motorman driving the W. N. Y. &P. Traction Co.'s car between Shinglehouse and Olean was stricken with appoplexy near Myrtle, McKean county, and ~~died in the car.~~ The first intimation that the passengers and conductor had that anything was wrong was when the power was suddenly shut off and the motorman fell heavily against the door. The stricken man was hastily brought into the car and laid upon one of the seats where he expired a few minutes later without having regained consciousness. A quick run was made to Olean where Woodard's ambulance met the car and removed the body to Mr. Page's home, No. 7 Center street, Beardmanville.

—John D. Keater, city editor of the Scranton Times, caused the arrest of William P. Boland, of that city, on a chage of "furnishing false infomation to a newspaper." Boland was given a hearing and was held for court under $500 bail. The article which City Editor Keater alleges in his information was furnished his newspaper by Boland and which he declares to be false information, deals with a banquet said to have been given at a saloon at which the guests included a South Scranton alderman and several prominent citizens. It describes "singing toasts and other diversions that were indulged in until the small hours of the morning," and gives the names of the alleged guests. Conviction for the "offense" charged may mean two years in the penitentiary and $500 fine.

—Archie Forbes, aged 13, is missing from the Children's and Old Ladies' home in Meadville, and it is feared that some accident has befallen him, although it is possible that he has absconded, although he seemed satisfied with his surroundings. On two different occasions, when placed in the homes of kind people, he returned and pleaded to be allowed to re-enter the institution, showing his preference for the life there. He is described as being stockily built, of very fair complexion and has dark hair and dark eyes. Any information will be appreciated by the management of the home or the authorities of Crawford county.

Rosa Bonheur's Humble Lover.

When asked why she had never married Rosa Bonheur always answered: "Nobody ever fell in love with me. I have never been truly loved." More than one man, however, really worshiped her. But she inspired such deep respect that no man seems to have dared to reveal his feelings to her. There is a curious example of this fact, taken from the humble walks of life. On several occasions Rosa Bonheur had done service for a workingman, who through all his life spent his savings in buying engravings of her pictures and photographs of herself. His simple dwelling was a temple to her likeness. He described himself as "the earthworm in love with a star." The person here referred to, E. A. Bouvray of Clermont-Ferrand, tells us that Rosa Bonheur once asked him why he was not married, and he replied by asking her the same question. Here was her answer: "Well, sir, it is not because I am an enemy of marriage, but I assure you that I have never had time to consider the subject."—"Reminiscences of Rosa Bonheur."

Paternalism In Groceries.

Paternalism with a vengeance is practiced in certain New York groceries. It is benevolent paternalism, though.

"Ma wants two pounds of sugar," said a child to a patriarch in the trade.

He consulted a calendar on the wall.

"I guess you'd better take only a pound today," he said, "and go kind of slow on that. The week is only half gone, but you have already eaten up three-fourths of your allowance. Tell your mother so."

The child promised to deliver the report on financial depression.

"That is the only way on earth to keep these people from running into debt," said the grocer. "The system is common in this neighborhood. I do it at the customers' request. Every pay day women with spendthrift husbands and an extravagant disposition of their own deposit enough money with the grocer and butcher to see the family through the week. They instruct us to let no one overdraw the amount, and except in cases where extra food is actually needed we stick to our end of the bargain."—New York Times.

Horrors of Bokhara.

The terrible deeds that once made Bokhara a byword are now prohibited by the Russian government. Prisoners are not permitted, for instance, to be dragged through the streets by galloping horses. Nor are they thrown from the top of the high tower called the Minar Katan. This was the usual punishment meted out to evildoers in the old days. Watched by thousands of spectators, the poor wretches were flung from that giddy height on to the flagstones beneath.

Bokhara has many chambers of horrors, unwholesome for western eyes to see, and the description of which would certainly be unfit for publication. Perhaps the most horrible of these is a pit where prisoners were tortured by vermin, which were so numerous and ravenous that in the absence of human prey they were fed on chunks of raw meat.—Wide World Magazine.

Disraeli and Goldwin Smith.

It may have been partly by suspicion of my possession of an unpleasant secret that Disraeli was moved to follow me across the Atlantic and try, as he did in "Lothair," to brand me as "a social sycophant." His knowledge of my social character was not great, for I had only once met him in society. His allusion to the "Oxford professor" who was going to the United States was as transparent as if he had used my name. Had I been in England, where my character was known, I should have let the attack pass, but I was in a strange country, where, made by a man of note, the attack ~~was likely to tell.~~ I therefore gave Disraeli the lie, and neither he nor any of his organs ever ventured to repeat the calumny.—Goldwin Smith in McClure's.

The Thimble.

About 200 years ago a London goldsmith called Trotting made and presented to the lady of his heart on her birthday anniversary a thimble of gold, beautifully ornamented and chased, accompanied by a note which introduced the little contraption as a "token of my humble esteem which shall protect those delicate, fair and industrious fingers from prick and scar of needle head." That was the origin of the thimble.

THE KICKER.

An Entirely Different Sort of Man From the Growler.

There is a world of difference between the man who kicks and the man who growls.

The man who kicks—who truly, earnestly and honestly kicks—is a good kind of man to have about. He kicks because things are not as they should be, and he proposes to correct them. The man who growls is merely a negative quality. He may know that things are not going right, but he hasn't any idea of trying to do anything about it. He just sits round and complains.

You remember Mark Twain's story about the kicker and how successful he was in securing everything that belonged to him. He was a producer in the best sense of the word, just as every man who kicks in the right way is certain to be. You probably know just such men—men who are chronic kickers. Let anything go wrong and they go "up in the air" in a minute, but you can depend upon it that that particular thing will never go wrong again if they can prevent it.

A kicker may not be the most agreeable person to have around, yet he is a healthful factor in almost any establishment. He has his faults, but it is possible to overlook them for the sake of the productive value that he represents.

As to the growler—there seems to be no place for him in the work of the world. He may complain loudly and whine and talk about other people, but he remedies no faults, he repairs no leaks—he just makes trouble.

That is the difference between the kicker and the growler.—Business.

WEB OF THE SPIDER.

Thousands of Strands In Each of Its Silky Threads.

For a long time the web of the spider was supposed to be a simple strand of waxy silk, but later it was found that such was far from being the case.

Under the microscope we can get at the secret of the spinning very nicely. We see that there are either four or six teats on the spider near the lower part of the abdomen, almost exactly similar to the teats of a cow. From these issue four or six strands, as the case may be. But these strands themselves are not simple, but are composed of at least a thousand fibers each, for it has been proved that in each teat there is a sieve of at least a thousand holes, through which the silky matter is strained. Thus we see that, fine as is a spider's web, it is yet composed of from 4,000 to 6,000 fibers. Leuwenhoek states that it would take at least 4,000,000 of the completed threads to make a thread as strong as a silk thread of the size of a hair.

As to the color of the thread, our ordinary spiders spin one of a uniform gray color. But in the riotous tropics there are found spiders that spin varicolored webs. One particularly produces red, yellow and black threads, which it binds together with a pleasing color effect.

In the thread of the spider lies dormant a great industry once it is properly studied.—Popular Magazine.

Struck a Coincidence.

It was the hour of family confidences. Mr. Buggins had finished his evening papers and in slippers and dressing gown was toasting his toes before the asbestos fire log, while the wife of his bosom was putting a few stitches in the table cover she was doing for Aunt Mary.

"I did something today that I've been screwing up my courage to do for a long time," said Mrs. Buggins.

"Yes?" said Mr. Buggins, mildly interested. "What was it?"

"You know that odious Mrs. Bjones?" replied Mrs. Buggins. "Well, I paid her a call that I have owed for nearly a year."

"My dear, I can sympathize with you," said Mr. Buggins. "Today, by a strange coincidence, I paid that odious Mr. Bjones a bill I had owed him for quite as long."—New York Times.

Throne Jewels.

In the "gold pantry" at Windsor castle, one of England's chief royal palaces, is the gold tiger's head taken from Tippo Sahib's throne in 1789. It is life size, and the teeth and eyes are of rock crystal. Another relic captured at the same time is the jeweled bird called the uma, shaped like a pigeon, with a peacock tail. The feathers blaze with precious stones, and a great emerald hangs from its breast. According to an old Indian legend, whoever owns this bird will rule India.

It Depends.

Bill—They tell me that a goat eats twelve times its weight in a year.

Jill—Does that represent much food, do you suppose?

"Well, it all depends whether what the goat eats happens to be paper covered novels or lead pipe!—Yonkers Statesman.

An Exception.

"Emerson says there is always a best way of doing everything."

"Is there? I wonder if he ever found a best way of wearing a pair of shoes that were about a size too small."—Chicago Record-Herald.

No Chance.

"Do you always do a little more than is expected of you?"

"No; my boss always expects a little more than you can do."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Sincerity and pure truth in what age soever find their opportunity and advantage.—Montague.

A BRILLIANT FOP.

The Youthful Disraeli, Elegant and Eloquent.

AN INTELLECTUAL EXQUISITE.

His Airs and Graces, His Frills and Laces and His Dazzling Oratory In His Early Political Battles—A Pen Picture of His Remarkable Face.

Benjamin Disraeli's career in practical politics began with a series of reverses that might have discouraged a less persistent fighter. Five times the youthful novelist and versatile budding statesman attempted to break into parliament before he succeeded in winning an election, going down to defeat three times at Wycombe and once at Taunton.

In William Flayvelle Monypenny's "Life of Benjamin Disraeli" the author declares that tales are still told in Wycombe of Disraeli's famous first speech from the portico of the Red Lion:

"The youthful orator was now at the height of his dandyism, and his 'curls and ruffles' played no small part in the election. Standing on the top of the porch beside the figure of the lion, with his pale face set off by masses of jet black hair and his person plenteously adorned with lace and cambric he must have seemed to the spectators better fitted for his role of fashionable novelist than for that of strenuous politician. Great, then, was their surprise when this 'popinjay,' as a hostile newspaper called him, began to pour forth a torrent of eloquence with tremendous energy of action and in a voice that carried far along the High street. He had an instinct for the dramatic effects which hold the attention of the mob. 'When the poll is declared I shall be there,' he exclaimed, according to a Wycombe tradition, pointing to the head of the lion, 'and my opponent will be there,' pointing to the tail. By the admission even of the opposite party the speech was a complete success, and his popularity with the crowd was thenceforth assured."

As to the young orator's appearance at Taunton, Mr. Monypenny gathers these comments of an eyewitness from an almost forgotten book of that time:

"Never in my life had I been so struck by a face as I was by that of Disraeli. It was lividly pale, and from beneath two finely arched eyebrows blazed out a pair of intensely black eyes. I never have seen such orbs in mortal sockets either before or since. His physiognomy was strictly Jewish. Over a broad, high forehead were ringlets of coal black, glossy hair, which, combed away from his right temple, fell in luxuriant clusters or bunches over his left cheek and ear, which it entirely concealed from view.

"There was a sort of half smile, half sneer playing about his beautifully formed mouth, the upper lip of which was curved as we see it in the portraits of Byron. He was very showily attired in a dark bottle green frock coat, a waistcoat of the most extravagant pattern, the front of which was almost covered with glittering chains, and in fancy pattern pantaloons. He wore a plain black stock, but no collar was visible. Altogether he was the most intellectual looking exquisite I had ever seen.

"He commenced in a lisping, lackadaisical tone of voice. He minced his phrases in apparently the most affected manner and while he was speaking placed his hands in all imaginable positions, not because he felt awkward and did not know, like a booby in a drawing room, where to put them, but apparently for the purpose of exhibiting to the best advantage the glittering rings which decked his white and taper fingers. Now he would place his thumbs in the armholes of his waistcoat and spread out his fingers on its flashing surface; then one set of digits would be released and he would lean affectedly on the table, supporting himself with his right hand; anon he would push aside the curls from his forehead.

"But as he proceeded all traces of dandyism and affectation were lost. With a rapidity of utterance perfectly astonishing he referred to past events and indulged in anticipations of the future. The Whigs were, of course, the objects of his unsparing satire, and his eloquent denunciations of them were applauded to the echo. In all he said he proved himself to be the finished orator. Every period was rounded with the utmost elegance, and in his most daring flights, when one trembled lest he should fall from the giddy height to which he had attained, he so gracefully descended that every hearer was wrapped in admiring surprise. His voice, at first so finical, gradually became full, musical and sonorous and with every varying sentiment was beautifully modulated. His arms no longer appeared to be exhibited for show, but he exemplified the eloquence of the hand. The dandy was transformed into the man of mind, the Mantalini looking personage into a practiced orator and finished elocutionist."

Her Declaration.

"Have you anything to declare?" asked the customs inspector.

"Yes," replied the lady who was returning from Europe. "I unhesitatingly declare that it is an outrage the way this government permits things to be mussed up in one's trunk."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Let those who complain of having to work undertake to do nothing. If this does not convert them nothing will.

IF ITS NEW and NICE and GOOD TO EAT

The chances are we have it

And we would appreciate your trade

And strive to please you in every way

J. COLEGROVE, Grocer
Smethport, Pa.

STAND LIGHTS

A dozen different designs to choose from.

I have just received a fine line of them for the Christmas trade.

A NICE PRESENT

Come in and look them over.

E. W. STRONG

Good Groceries

We hold our Customers by giving them the best goods at the lowest possible prices.

WE HAVE

everything in the line of Groceries that a careful housewife needs to satisfy the demands of the table. Our

TEAS AND COFFEES

retain their flavor, and the increasing sales of the articles indicate that our patrons appreciate good articles for little money.

Oscar Engstrom

—Dealer in—
GROCERIES and PROVISIONS

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

McKean County's Pioneer Bank

Solicits your checking account or your deposits on interest.

¶ Our form of Deposit is very favorable.

NO ACCOUNT TOO SMALL to receive our careful attention.

¶ We offer all inducements practical with conservative banking.

QUIRK'S RESTAURANT
Quick Lunches at all Hours
CIGARS AND TOBACCO
—also—
BALTIMORE SEAL SHIPT OYSTERS
a specialty
JAMES QUIRK, Prop,

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

Terms:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $2.00 each.

Address all communications to
HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Feb. 9, 1911.

The Mexican Revolution is about as changeable as the weather.

Miss Margaret Shipley, the McKeesport blind girl, will again try to regain her eye sight by fasting and prayer.

A bill prohibiting persons under 16 years of age carrying or using firearms was introduced in the House last Monday night by Mr. Benson of this county. This bill should pass without opposition.

Postmaster Richard L. Ashurst of Philadelphia has been missing for nearly two weeks and no trace of him can be found despite the combined efforts of local and government detectives. It is understood that his accounts are all right.

Aeroplanes will be used by the United States army for scouting purposes on the Mexican border. It will be the first time in history that flying machines will be utilized in actual warfare.

Harry K. Thaw's final hope of being released from Mattewan was dashed to the ground on Monday when the Court of Appeals dismissed his appeal from the decision of the Appelate division adverse to his contention that he was being illegally detained.

Hon. R. W. Hilton has introduced at least two bills in the House of Representatives that should become laws. One is to entirely prohibit the killing of deer in this state for five years and the other is to provide that no commission shall be allowed to county treasurers for receiving and disbursing moneys returned to the county by the commonwealth which were collected by the county for the use of the commonwealth, and upon which the treasurer has already received a commission.

Abdul Hamid, former sultan of Turkey, has gone violently insane and killed two of his wives and is now confined in irons. The murder of the two women, who were among those who accompanied Abdul from Constantinople when he was exiled by the young Turks, was particularly brutal. He choked one to death with his own hands, and dashed the other so violently against a wall that she died in a few hours. The ex-sultan was subdued only after a fierce struggle, in which he was severely injured. Hamid is now confined in a dungeon.

Haunted by the memories of a crime committed 12 years ago, a man who said he was King McNamara, formerly of Lexington, Ky., surrendered to the police in New York last Sunday. He said he had killed a man in Lexington and that a reward of $10,000 had been offered for his arrest. McNamara was taken to police headquarters and a telegram was sent to Lexington. A reply was received from Chief of Police Regan, reading: "King McNamara wanted here for slaying Jacob S. Keller in February, 1899. Hold. Will send man." McNamara was questioned by the police as to the details of his crime, but refused to talk about it. He said that he had traveled all over the United States in the past 12 years. But although he had eluded pursuers he could not get away from his own conscience. He had stood it as long as he could and is now ready to face the charge.

TO ABOLISH FEE SYSTEM.

Bill Introduced to Put County Officials On a Salary Basis.

A bill designed to abolish the practice of remunerating county officials by fees and substituting therefore a graduated salary schedule was presented in the House Monday night by Representative Charles A. Bentley of Washington county. Only counties having a population of less than 150,000 are affected by the act, as those containing over that population are already under salary laws. However, fifty-six counties would come under the bill, as but eleven are now under salary acts.

Should the bill become a law it is estimated that the State revenues would be considerably increased and the remuneration of fee officials be correspondingly reduced, as the fees over and above the amounts necessary for the payment of salaries are to be turned over to the State Treasurer.

All salaries fixed by the act are to be paid from the amounts paid into the treasury from the respective offices, after deducting the amount due the deputies and clerks in each office. If there has not been sufficient fees from any office to pay the full salary allowed the official he is to be paid only such proportion as shall be equal to the aggregate amount of fees. However, if the fees in any subsequent month shall exceed the expenses and salary fixed, the deficit of the salary shall be made up to the official.

The county commissioners and county controller shall constitute a salary board of each county. However, when the salaries of any one office are under consideration the head of that office shall sit as a member of the salary board. The officer has the right of appeal to the courts on the salary question and also on the number of employes allotted to him.

The various officials are prohibited from receiving any money from any deputies or clerks appointed by them or from any contractors as compensation for making such appointments or contracts. Failure to comply with this section or failure to render accounts promptly and pay over moneys to the county treasurer is deemed a misdemeanor. Any officer violating the act will be compelled to return the sums of money received unlawfully and be thrown out of office. Swearing falsely to any transcript or account is deemed perjury and liable to the punishment prescribed by law for such crime.

The schedule of salaries fixed by the act are not subject to change by reason of increase or decrease of population, but must be altered only by act of Assembly. The act is to take effect at the expiration of the terms of the incumbents.

In counties where any office provided for in the act are combined so that one person holds the office of prothonotary and Clerk of the Courts, or Register of Wills and Recorder of Deeds, such officer is to receive the salary fixed for Prothonotaray or Recorder and $1000 additional.

The following counties are the only ones not effected by the act: Allegheny, Berks, Cambia, Fayette, Lackawanna, Lancaster, Luzerne, Montgomery, Philadelphia, Schuylkill and Westmoreland.

In McKean county the various salaries would be as follows: Sheriff, $2500; prothonotary, $2500; clerk of courts, $2000; register of wills, $1800; recorder of deeds, $2500; county treasurer, $2500; county commissioners, each $1200; county auditors, each $150; coroner, $500; county solicitor, $500.

A PECULIAR CASE.

Young Married Man Is Accused of Abducting His Wife.

The morning Democrat to-day had an account of the arrest of James Slingle, a young man of James City, on a charge of abduction, who it is claimed had not reached his majority, and married a seventeen-year-old girl, Edith Chamberlain, by name, of Jamestown, N. Y. It is alleged in the article that as neither were of age the parents objected to the marriage, but Slingle induced his sweetheart to leave home and marry him, which she did, and unless restitution is made with the parents, Slingle will have to answer the charge of abduction. Continuing the paper says that after the arrest, which took place in Kane on Monday, the father of Slingle consulted an attorney, and he left for Jamestown on that day to see if those connected could not come to some satisfactory agreement whereby the parents might withdraw their objections and let the young couple live in the marriage bond they had taken.

It was learned this morning that the pair came to Ridgway for a marriage license and that the father of the groom accompanied the pair and gave his consent. The bride-elect also had the consent of her father in writing and duly attested by a notary public. They went to James City where the ceremony was performed. It is hardly likely that the father of the girl would have her husband arrested when he gave his consent to the ceremony which is shown on the books at the Prothonotary's office in the court house, in that place. Mr. Ent, of that office, stated to a representative of this paper this morning that it is not the policy of his office to grant licenses to minors, without the consent of parents. This paper is glad to make the correction in this matter.—Ridgway Record.

While it doesn't seem reasonable that an arrest should be made after the young couple did have the consent of the father of the girl, nevertheless it is true, as a warrant was sworn out and an officer from here proceeded to James City where the young man was arrested and brought to Kane, and even placed in the lockup until his father had learned what had happened and came her and gave bond that he would be responsible for his son's appearance at a hearing, when the young man was released. The father also secured the services of an attorney as was stated before, who went to Jamestown to consult the parents of the girl and see if the matter could not be amicably adjusted, but we, learn that the young couple's marriage vows may be broken at a hearing which was supposed to have taken place this afternoon.—Kane Republican.

Advertise in The Miner.

FOURTH CLASS POSTMASTER EXAMINATION.

Saturday, March 4, 1911.

The United States Civil Service Commission announces that on the date named above an examination will be held at Smethport, Pa., as a result of which it is expected to make certification to fill a contemplated vacancy in the position of fourth class postmaster of class B, at Crosby, Pa., and other vacancies as they may occur at that office, unless it shall be decided in the interests of the service to fill the vacancy by reinstatement. The compensation of the postmaster at this office was $306 for the last fiscal year.

Age limit, 21 years and over on date of the examination, with the exception that in a State where women are declared by statute to be of full age for all purposes at 18 years, women 18 years of age on the date of the examination will be admitted.

Applicants must reside within the territory supplied by the post office for which the examination is announced.

The examination is open to all citizens of the United States who can comply with the requirements.

Application forms and full information concerning the requirements of the examination can be secured from the postmaster at Crosby, or from the U. S. Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C.

Applications should be properly executed and filed with the Commission at Washington within 7 days before the date of the examination, otherwise it may be impracticable to examine the applicants.

U. S. Civil Service Commission.

By Perseverance.

Perseverance is more prevailing than violence; and many things which cannot be overcome when they are together, yield themselves up when taken little by little.—Plutarch.

NOTICE IN DIVORCE.

No. 113, October Term, 1910.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMmonwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said County, greeting:

Whereas, Bertha McEacheam, did on the 15th day of Aug., 1910, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, John H. McEacheam.

We therefore command you, the said John H. McEacheam, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean on the fourth Monday of February, next, to answer the petition or libel of Bertha McEacheam and show cause if any you have, why the said Bertha McEacheam, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

WM. H. MORRISON, Sheriff,
Smethport, Pa., January 30, 1911.
Mullin & Mullin, Libellant's Attys.

NOTICE IN DIVORCE.

No. 21, October Term, 1910.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMmonwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said County, greeting:

Whereas, Pearl Welger, did on the 21st day of July, 1910 prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Charles Welger.

We therefore command you, the said Charles Welger, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean on the fourth Monday of February, next, to answer the petition or libel of Pearl Welger and show cause if any you have, why the said Pearl Welger, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

WM. H. MORRISON, Sheriff,
Smethport, Pa., January 30, 1911.
Mullin & Mullin, Libellant's Attys.

NOTICE IN DIVORCE.

No. 172, October Term, 1910.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMmonwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said County, greeting:

Whereas, Goldie O'Neil, did on the 30th day of August, 1910, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Frank O'Neil.

We therefore command you, the said Frank O'Neil, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean on the fourth Monday of February, next, to answer the petition or libel of Goldie O'Neil and show cause if any, you have why the said Goldie O'Neil, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

WM. H. MORRISON, Sheriff,
Smethport, Pa., January 30, 1911.
Mullin & Mullin, Libellant's Attys.

NOTICE IN DIVORCE.

No. 176, October Term, 1910.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMmonwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said County, greeting:

Whereas, Clifton H. Peet, did on the 31st day of August, 1910, prefer his petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth he might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Susie Hover Peet.

We therefore command you, the said Susie Hover Peet, that setting aside all other business and excuses, whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean on the fourth Monday of February, next, to answer the petition or libel of Clifton H. Peet and show cause if any you have why the said Clifton H. Peet, your husband, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

WM. H. MORRISON, Sheriff,
Smethport, Pa., January 30, 1911.
Thos. H. Morrison, Libellant's Atty.

LICENSE TRANSFER NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the application of E. R. Tanner, present residence, Eldred, Pa., occupation, bottler, for the transfer of a bottler's license granted to the said E. R. Tanner, May 9, 1910, at a building on the west side of Railroad Street, opposite the Pennsylvania Depot, in the Borough of Eldred, McKean County, Pa., at June Sessions, 1910, to sell, bottle and vend malted and brewed liquors by quantities of not less than twelve pint bottles, in a two-story frame building situate on the north side of Elm Street and between Platts and Bennett Streets, in the said Borough of Eldred, will be heard by the Court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace, at Smethport, Pa., on Monday, the twenty-seventh day of February, 1911, at 2 o'clock p. m.

FRANK R. FOSTER,
Clerk.

January 31, 1911. Feb.2-3t

Professional Cards

Attorneys

Sheridan Gorton.
ATTORNEY AT LAW. All legal business given prompt attention.
Smethport, Pa.

GALLUP & SHATTUCK,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. All legal business promptly and carefully attended to. Office over Hamlin's Bank, Smethport, Pa.

V. B. BOUTON
ATTY.-AT-LAW
Orange Bank bldg. SMETHPORT, PA
All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

E. R. MAYO & SON,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. Office in Orange Bank Building, Smethport, Pa. Office connected with long distance telephone. E. R. Mayo, Notary Public.

Thomas H. Morrison.
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Smethport. - - - - - - Penn'a
All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

FREDERICK W. BACKUS.
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
All business given careful attention.
Backus Building, opposite Court-House.
Smethport, Penna.

Physicians.

Burg Chadwick, M. D.
—PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON—
Office in Drug Store.
Calls answered promptly day or night.
Bell 'Phone.

H. L. McCoy,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, office in I. O. O. F. Block, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

John Clark, M. D., C. M.
Office and Residence in Clark Block, Smethport, Pa. Office Hours, 8 to 10 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.

W. A. Ostrander, Ph. G., M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Office and Residence over Lemmler's harness shop.
Day or Night Calls promptly attended to

G. E. Benninghoff.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, 21 Main St. Bradford, Pa. Special attention given to surgery and surgical diseases of women. Office hours from 1:30 to 3:30 and 7 to 8 p. m.

ROBERT HAMILTON, M. D., C. M.
Office hours—8 to 9 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.
Office and residence, Hamilton Block, second floor, Smethport, Pa.

DR. F. C. PIERCE
DENTIST
All up-to-date dental work promptly done. Crown and bridge work a specialty. Cleanliness and satisfaction guaranteed.
Prices Right. Over 25 years Experience.
Office: Anderson & Carlson Block.

J. V. McALPIN,
Dentist
HOURS { 8:30 to 12 / 1:30 to 5
Odd Fellows' Building
SMETHPORT, - - PA.

HOTELS.

WRIGHT HOUSE,
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
DODGE & SHERBURNE, Prop.
F. L. SHERBURNE, Mgr.
This hostelry is newly overhauled and renovated; its rooms are light and airy its tables well supplied with delicacies and its bar well stocked.

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL,
JAMES McGUIRE, Prop'r.
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,
T. H. PURTLE, Prop
125 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

$3.75
For A Suit of Clothing
Not our best but a GOOD SUIT. You can take our best suit at
$13.95
All suits and overcoats below cost. Your choice of Black and Blues as well as Fancy Patterns.
Give us a call.
H. W. Rubin,
Smethport, Pa.

YOU WILL SMILE
when you find that you can get a good pair of men's winter shoes here for as low as $3.00. Made of good leather, made to wear, and yet good looking enough for anybody. Ladies' heavy walking shoes, winter weight, now selling at $3.50. Worth a dollar more.
Storm shoes, Overshoes, Rubbers for everybody, young and old.
ANDERSON & CARLSON'S,
The Shoe Men,
Smethport, Penna.

Brasted's Finest in BAKERY Goods
Groceries and Confectionery.

This is Our
Final Clean-Up
SALE
COME EARLY
The one you have been waiting for. We intend to clean up on every thing in the house winter goods especially. But we have a large stock of odd lots in medium weight and light weight goods that will be included in this wonderful clean-up. Everything goes—not one article will be reserved All our Clothing, Furnishing Goods, Hats, Gloves, Umbrellas, Trunks, Suit Cases, Rubber Coats, Etc. Make your money do double duty the next few days, by taking advantage of this GREAT SALE.
$35.00 Suits and Overcoats now $23.50
$30.00 and $28.00 Suits and Overcoats Now $19.50
IKE SIMONS
Big Double Clothing House.
Bradford, Pa.

Triumph of Enthusiasm.

Every great and commanding movement in the annals of the world is the triumph of enthusiasm.—Emerson.

ENGSTROM & OLSON
Jewelers.
Our line is complete in
Gold, Silver, and Precious Stones.
Special attention is given to Watch repairing and Engraving.
Engstrom & Olson
SMETHPORT, - - - PA.

Real Estate Bargains
The undersigned offers for sale any or all of its property located in this borough.
Eleven Houses will be sold at one-half actual value.
Prices, range from $475.00 to $625.00 Including lots.
Also 50 building lots.
See Jas. A. McKean, D. M. Brasted or C. D. Comes for prices, quick.
Smethport Land and Improvement Co.

SHOT TO PIECES
Prices on Tires, Tubes and Repairing have been greatly Reduced.
NOW IS THE TIME TO HAVE YOUR TIRES Recovered, Retreaded or Repaired.
SMETHPORT INNER TUBES Are guaranteed to give satisfaction. SMETHPORT RELINERS will give you 1000 to 2000 more Mileage from OLD CASINGS.
A Full Line of Sundries in Stock
Write us for Prices
SMETHPORT RUBBER CO.
Smethport, Penn'a.

Inventory and Remnants.

The annual inventory brings to light hundreds of small lots and short pieces that must be sold—

Sold Cheap, of course, because remnants must be cheap to sell, and they have to sell. We cannot store them away so have marked them with size and price—marked them so low that if you want remnants you cannot help but buy.

We have put these on the tables and for one week everything in remnants line will take first place.

See them Friday morning and for one week (or until they are gone.)

The Lindholm Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

DALY & GARLICK'S

New

PLUMBING STOCK

Just Received

Work done Satisfactorly and promptly.

Daly & Garlick's

HARDWARE

Smethport, - - - - - Pa.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Feb. 9, 1911.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Next Tuesday, Feb. 14, is St. Valentine's Day.

—Don't overlook your subscription account. We need the money.

—Mrs. W. H. Morrison is confined to the house with a severe cold.

—Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Theron R. Lyle, on Friday, Feb. 3, 1911, a girl.

—Ten new members were initiated into the Red Men here Monday night.

—Miss Laura Glavin entertained the Thimble Club at her home last evening.

—People with wood jobs are looking for teams while the sleighing lasts.

—Born, to Mr. and Mrs. James T. Chisholm, on Tuesday, Feb. 7, 1911, a boy.

—Monheimer has a new advertisement to-day which it will pay every one to read.

—Mrs. J. V. McAlpin entertained the Bridge Whist Club at her home on Chuch street last evening.

—The bible class of St. Luke's chuch will hold a candy sale at J. A. Holder's store on Saturday next.

—Many foreigners were in town the early part of the week taking steps toward becoming citizens of the United States.

—Samuel Haven, one of the oldest residents of Potter county died at his home in Coudersport Jan. 28, in his 96th year of life.

—On Thursday of last week Justice Gleason united in marriage at his office, Mr. Juke Eschrich and Emma Parker, both of Onoville, N. Y.

—The vaudeville and entertainment to be given by the Ladies' Aid of St. Elizabeth's church on Feb. 22, promises to be of an unusual high order.

—The subject next Sunday morning at the Methodist Episcopal church will be "Human Powers and Limitations." The evening theme will be "Abraham Lincoln."

—The Lady Macabees gave Mrs. C. L. Irons a pleasant surprise last Thursday evening in honor of her birthday. Refreshments were served and at a late hour all departed, having spent a most enjoyable evening.

—Helen Vivian, the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Jay Gould and John Graham Hope Beresford (Lord Decies) were married at St. Bartholomew's church in New York on Tuesday. The bride is 18 years of age and the groom 44.

—F. W. Brownell has a new and interesting advertisement in this issue.

—The Bradford Gun Club is about to build a new club house which is to cost $3,000.

New ginghams and printed wash goods are advertized by Fry & Comes in this issue.

—The snow of Monday and Tuesday has made good sleighing in town and other parts of the county.

—The Sheriff's Sale for the February term of court will be found in another column of this issue.

—Mrs. Fred Masser entertained a number of young ladies at her home on Cemetery street last Thursday evening.

—The second division of St. Elizabeth's Aid Society will give a card party at the Hotel Imperial Friday, Feb. 10 at eight o'clock. All are invited. Admission 25 cents.

—Bishop Cortlandt B. Whitehead of Pittsburg will make his farewell visit as Bishop to St. Luke's church on Tuesday, Feb. 21, at which time he will administer confirmation.

—The ground hog had no chance to see his shadow in this vicinity last Thursday, but the prospects of a few weeks of winter weather seem just as good as though he had.

—The young girls of the first division of the Ladies' Aid Society of St. Elizabeth's church will hold a candy sale in the window of Carrie Clark's millinery store on Saturday afternoon and evening.

—John Brophey of Bradford was brought over here on Monday and lodged in jail to await trial on a charge of assault and battery on his wife, Anne. It is claimed that on Friday last he used an axe on his wife with damaging results.

—George Scroth, who is employed in the window glass factory at Shinglehouse, has been home for the past week. He has been laid up with a bad cut on his right wrist, caused by a falling piece of broken glass. He expects to be able to return to work in a few days.

—At the meeting of the P. H. C. Tuesday evening, two new members were initiated and the degree team made its first appearance in its new regalia which is unusually beautiful. After the regular meeting excellent refreshments were served and the members enjoyed themselves until a late hour.

—Mrs. L. D. Gifford had the misfortune to injure her wrist quite badly on Monday. Mrs. Gifford was hanging up clothes in the rear of her home on Mill street Monday morning when she slipped on the ice and fell. She put out her hand to save herself with the above result. It is not thought that any bones were broken, but the injury is quite painful and may lay her up for some time.

—A number of his young schoolmates drove up to the Comes farm on Potato creek last Friday evening and held a surprise party for Harry Comes. The young people had a most enjoyable time and Harry was the receipient of a number of tokens of friendship.

—At the meeting of the Smethport Fire Department held last Friday evening the by-laws were changed so as to make the meeting night of the department the first Thursday in each month instead of Friday. This will enable several members to be present who found it impossible to do so on Friday evening.

—Miss Sylvia Lawrence gave a variety shower at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Gerritt on Monday evening last for Miss Belva Gerritt who is to be married to Frank Dunbar on Saturday, Feb. 25. About 30 friends were present and the bride-to-be received many useful gifts together with the congratulations of those assembled.

—Last Thursday noon as Mrs. William Barnick was driving from Allegany to her home at Four Mile, she was stricken with appoplexy and died in the carriage. Her daughter was with her at the time. Mrs. Barnick was 64 years of age and leaves besides her husband, five daughters and four sons, one of the latter being William Barnick, Jr., one of the patrolmen of Olean.

—Fire of an unknown origin destroyed every vestige of the large store house of the Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern railroad at St. Marys on Wednesday morning of last week. A number of tank cars loaded with oil were hauled out of the way and saved. It is estimated that the loss will reach $135,000, well covered by insurance. Work of rebuilding will commence at once.

—The latter part of last week when Field Superintendent James McGowan of the Smethport Gas Company was cleaning out one of its wells on Prospect Hill, the well commenced to flow and before it stopped it threw out between two and four barrels of oil. This created considerable excitement among local oil men for a day or so, until they learned that it had probably taken several weeks for this amount of oil to accumulate.

—The county commissioners are up against rather a tough proposition in the disposition of three children. Some time ago a woman with three children deserted her husband who resides in this county and ran away with another man. Now the woman, who is located in Elk county with her new lover, wants to put the children in the County Home here, claiming she is unable to support them.

—Mrs. Waldo Sasse was hostess at a very delightful reception at her home on Greeves street yesterday afternoon. Sixty guests were present. A delicious luncheon was served, Mrs. Meachen of Warren acting as caterees. The table decorations consisted of tulips and daffodils. Miss Ruby Rundquist of Jamestown, N. Y., and Miss Florence Maenett of Warren were out of town guests, says the Kane Republican.

—April 30th has been set aside this year as "Tuberculosis Day," and will be observed in 200,000 churches in the country in a manner similar to that of "Tuberculosis Sunday" in 1910, when over 40,000 sermons were preached on the prevention of consumption. In this first official announcement of the occasion made by the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis, the leaders of the movement state that they hope to enlist all of the 33,000,000 church members in the country.

—Two children were cremated, the mother seriously burned and three other children slightly hurt by being dropped from a second-story window early Wednesday morning when fire destroyed the home of Peter Eckland, in South New Castle. The dead children are Arthur, aged four, and Margaret, aged three months. The children dropped from the window by the mother are Helen, aged 11; Albert, aged nine, and Joseph, aged seven. Mrs. Eckland sustained burns about the body and was injured when she leaped from the window. The husband was at work at a local steel mill.

For Sale.

Horses, wagons, carriages, buggies, harnesses, robes, farming inplements, harvesting machinery and fertilizer. In fact if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand call on or address

E. W. JONES, Liveryman.

WOMEN, sell guaranteed hose. 70 per cent profit. Make $10 daily. Full or part time. Beginners investigate. Strong Knit, Box 4029, West Philadelphia, Pa. Feb.9-6t

For Sale.

Ten shares Smethport Chemical Co. stock. Address Box 1832, Bradford, Pa. Feb.9-1t

House and Lot for Sale or Rent, on Willow street, Smethport, Pa. Jan.26-4t-pd Mrs. Walter E. Evans.

PERSONAL MENTION.

W. F. Specht is a Bradford visitor to-day.

W. H. Morrison was a Kane visitor Friday last.

C. C. Choate was a Mt. Jewett visitor Monday.

Mrs. Sheridan Gorton left yesterday for a visit to Buffalo.

Paul Folger of Geneva is visiting his sister, Mrs. Orlo J. Hamlin.

D. B. Wasson is in Buffalo this week attending the automobile show.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Clayton Backus left Tuesday for the week in Buffalo.

L. L. Stillwell of this office is spending the week with friends in Roulette.

Mrs. C. C. Choate and son, Homer, are visiting friends in Mt. Jewett this week.

Miss Helen Hamilton was a guest of Miss Edna Anderson at Colegrove recently.

Judge Jos. W. Bouton and Orlo J. Hamlin were Bradford visitors last Thursday.

Hon. Henry Hamlin went to Buffalo Tuesday on business, returning home yesterday.

W. A. Mitchell returned Tuesday evening from Buffalo where he has been undergoing treatment.

John B. Eastman left Monday for Jamestown, N. Y., where he will visit his brother, Dr. Henry Eastman.

Earl Hafner left Saturday for Westfield, N. Y., where he has accepted a position in a newspaper office there.

Lawrence Hopper of Hornell, N. Y., was a guest at the home of his son, W. B. Hopper, Friday and Saturday.

Mrs. Sarah Blake left Tuesday for Cleveland, Ohio, where she will be the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Emil Jahn, for the next three months.

County Commissioner John A. Peterson returned last Friday from Polk, Pa., where he had taken two children to the Home for the feeble minded.

LOST HIS HAT.

Editor Boller of the Argus Sustains Loss in Smethport.

Borther Boller of the Port Allegany Argus was in town last week attending the Pomona Grange meeting and during his stay in town some person, with an eye to the beautiful and not too many conscientious scruples, exchanged hats with the debonair young newspaper man. He takes it out on his readers by printing the following:

Farewell my hat, my dear new hat,
The old I left at Smethport.
I'll shed one tear, one briny tear
For the hat of which I am short.

Thou wast a good new trusty hat,
I ne'er will wear thee more;
It makes me sad to think of thee,
And also somewhat sore.

Some other geek is wearing thee
He left a bum old rusty hat
That had not seen a brush for years:
I hate to think of that.

Again I say farewell to thee
With teardrop in my eye,
With a heavy heart and a weary sigh
I breathe a last good-bye.

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

List of Letters remaining in the postoffice at Smethport, Pa., for the week ending February 4th, 1911:

Bigler, Mr. James M.
Caskey, Mr. Frank
Anderson, Mrs. Anaolia, (foreign)
Bernardi, Signor Enrico, (foreign.)

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Standard Measurements.

A league is three miles, a fathom is six feet, a span is nine inches and a hand (horse measure) is four inches.

ODDS and ENDS

From our recent big sale we have a few odd lots which you can buy

At Your Own Price

These lots consist of Shoes, Hats, Suits, Overcoats, Raincoats and Children's Suits, all of which, *we guarantee* to be strictly new and up-to-date wearables. Come in, examine these goods, make us any reasonable offer and you can carry with you any or all, of the above named articles at less than the cost of materials these goods are made of.

MONHEIMER'S

Wooltex Garments Home Journal Patterns Cluett Shirts

Fry & Comes

New Ginghams

New Printed Wash Goods

Today we placed on sale a choice lot of new Wash Fabrics for Spring and Summer wear.

You will be pleased with the new weaves and prints of which there is an abundance this season.

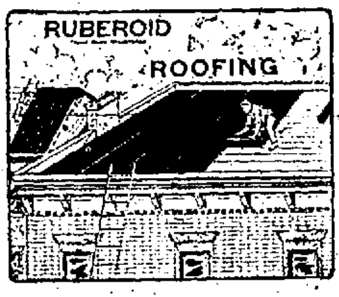
Ther's scarcely a wash goods want that can not be here supplied, at a price advantage, too.

New ideas this year in addition to Lawns, Batistes and Mills are Foulards Voiles, Sundee Suitings, etc. 10c. to 50c. per yard.

The best makes of Ginghams, those with tub-fast reputations are shown in immene variety—Bates Seersucker—Red Seal—Palmer and Scotch Zephyrs, etc. 12½c. to 25c. per yard.

FRY & COMES

WHY



are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

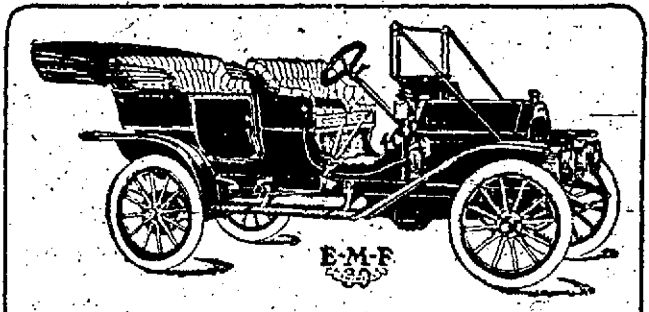
It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamped on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

SMETHPORT PENN'A.



WE ARE SELLING AGENTS FOR THE E-M-F 30, FLANDERS 20, SELDEN and PEERLESS.

The production of such a wonderful car as the E-M-F 30, at such a small price is nothing short of a *mechanical miracle*, made of the very best material, mechanically correct, 103 inch wheel base, selective sliding change speed and full 30 H. P. engine. All models with standard equipment $1,000.00, silk finished mohair top and folding windshield $80.00 extra.

The FLANDERS 20 is a little baby of a car and will go anywhere any big car can go. Price $700.00. A full year's unconditional guarantee given with both of the above cars.

If you want a large medium price car of well known quality and service buy the Famous SELDON. Prices $2250.00 to $2600.00 with standard equipment.

If you want the VERY BEST CAR ever made, anywhere, by anybody in the whole world, then buy the BEAUTIFUL BIG SIX CYLINDER PEERLESS. Price $6,000.00, complete equipment.

Our garage is managed by a journeyman machinist, who learned his trade in a big automobile factory and he is one of the very best men in this line. We make a specialty of overhauling big, high-priced cars and absolutely guarantee our work to give entire satisfaction.

In our Rubber Works Dept. we do all kinds of Tire Repairing, manufacture inner tubes, tire reliners, patches, &c., and our prices are right. We also carry a good line of accessories, Prest-O-Lite tanks, etc.

For full information, catalogues, etc., call or address

BACKUS NOVELTY COMPANY,

Smethport, Penn'a.

Purity **BROWNELL'S** Quality

All Apples are "pure" Apples, but all Apples are not sweet, juicy Apples! So with Coffee! "Purity" is not Quality! Purity may be legally and technically correct but it only goes half way.

AFTER DINNER COFFEE

is not only Pure, but has a distinct aromatic sweetness, smooth flavor, and is "Supreme in Quality!" which makes it the *One Coffee* of its kind in the world.

A Trial Will Convince You.

F. W. BROWNELL

You get Better Values Here

INSURANCE!
Life, Fire & Accident
—WRITTEN BY—
W. F. SPECHT,
Smethport, Pa.
In good reliable companies

The Sky-Man

By
Henry Ketchell Webster

Illustrations by Chas. W. Rosser

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SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I.—Philip Cayley, accused of a crime of which he is not guilty, resigns from the army in disgrace, his affection for his intimate friend, Lieut. Perry Hunter, turned to hatred. Cayley seeks solitude, where he perfects a flying machine, consisting of a pair of great wings, whose motive force is the muscular power of his own body. While soaring over the Arctic regions, he picks up a curiously shaped stick he had seen in the assassin's hand. Mounting again, he discovers a yacht ashored in the bay. Descending near the steamer, he meets a girl on an ice floe.

CHAPTER II.—He learns that the girl's name is Jeanne Fielding and that the yacht has come north to seek signs of her father, Captain Fielding, an arctic explorer. A party from the yacht is making a search ashore. He volunteers to make a search of the land. After he departs Jeanne finds that Cayley had dropped a curiously-shaped stick.

CHAPTER III.—Unknown to those on the yacht, Captain Planck and the surviving crew of his wrecked whaler are in hiding on the coast. A giant ruffian named Roscoe, a member of the crew, had murdered Fielding and his two companions, after the explorer had revealed the location of an enormous ledge of pure gold. Roscoe then took command of the party, and at the approach of the steamer had removed all signs of habitation. It develops that the ruffian had committed the murder witnessed by Cayley. Roscoe plans to capture the yacht and escape with a big load of gold.

CHAPTER IV.—Jeanne tells her guardian, Mr. Fanshaw, owner of the yacht, about the visit of the sky-man and shows him the stick left by Cayley as proof that it was not a dream. Fanshaw declares that it is an Eskimo throwing stick, used to shoot darts. Tom Fanshaw returns from the searching party with a sprained ankle. Tom tells Jeanne of Cayley's disgrace. Perry Hunter is found murdered.

CHAPTER V.—Cayley, the sky-man, visits the yacht. He is accused of the murder of Hunter, and the throwing-stick is produced as evidence against him. He denies the charge and tells of seeing a group of men with Hunter when he was slain. Jeanne assures Cayley of her faith in him, having discovered that the throwing-stick was made for a left-handed man, while the sky-man is right-handed.

CHAPTER VI.—A relief party is sent ashore to find the searchers. Tom professes his love for Jeanne, after a quarrel with her over the sky-man. Jeanne is shocked at the revelation, as she had always regarded Tom as a brother. Later Tom searches for Jeanne, and finds her missing from the yacht. Roscoe and his gang board the yacht and Tom is knocked senseless.

CHAPTER VII.—Jeanne rows ashore in a small boat. She enters an abandoned hut, and there finds evidence of its previous occupancy by her father. In a rosewood box Jeanne finds her father's diary. In the last entry the explorer says that he fears Roscoe intends to kill him.

CHAPTER VIII.—Roscoe and his men stow the slabs of gold away in the yacht. The ruffian is enraged because superstitious sailors refuse to return for the rosewood box, and Roscoe goes himself. He sees Jeanne poring over her father's diary, and thinks he sees a ghost. Jeanne leaves the hut and Roscoe starts for her, intent on murder, when the sky-man swoops down and the ruffian flees in terror. He hears shots from the Aurora.

CHAPTER IX.—Cayley and Jeanne also hear the shots. Jeanne's boat is missing. They return to the hut to pass the night. Jeanne gives Cayley her father's diary to read.

CHAPTER XII.—Cayley assures Jeanne of his confidence in the recapture of the yacht by Fanshaw's people. An entry in her father's diary reveals to Jeanne the seriousness of their situation and the hopelessness of immediate rescue.

CHAPTER XIII.—Jeanne and the sky-man set about making the hut more comfortable. They plan to search for supplies hidden by the explorer. Jeanne is frightened by a glimpse of something resembling a polar bear.

CHAPTER XIV.—Cayley kills a polar bear. Search is made through the explorer's diary for a clue to the hiding place of his supplies. Her father's description of the monster, Roscoe, arouses in Jeanne the horror that he and his gang may be sharing their solitude.

CHAPTER XV.—Cayley finds a clue to the hiding place of the stores. A cold cellar is discovered in the hut and in it a chimney-like hole leading straight up through the ice.

CHAPTER XVI.—Cayley explores the tunnel and finds that it leads to an observatory built by Captain Fielding, where are hidden some delicacies and useful articles. Unseen by the girl or Cayley, Roscoe is about to attack Jeanne when he is sent fleeing in terror by the sight of the sky-man swooping down beside the girl.

CHAPTER XVII.

A State of Siege.

Cayley's discovery of the tracks furnished the last element of the drama which was to play itself out that winter upon this stage which had been so strangely set for it. It was just three days since, flying slowly northward, before a mild southerly breeze, the ice pack below him, he caught his first glimpse of the unknown land where Captain Fielding had met his tragic fate so many years before. Three days since he had witnessed, from aloft, the murder of a man he might have saved, the man to whom, had he saved him, he might have turned for exoneration from a stain upon his name which was now ineradicable.

Three days ago he had thought his world was empty, swept clean of human concern and human affection. Three days ago he had not known that Jeanne Fielding existed.

As for the identity of the monster who had left the proof of his existence in those tracks which Philip had discovered in the snow, they of course had no certain knowledge; nevertheless, they entertained but little doubt that he was Roscoe himself. The footprints were immense, Cayley said, and their distance apart bespoke the stride of a giant.

If it were Roscoe who had been crouching there behind the boulder, then it seemed to them unlikely that he was here alone; unlikely that he had not at least two or three of his crew with him.

That idea, when it first occurred to them, brought little added terror with it. The person of the monstrous murderous ruffian, who was the chief, dwarfed his subordinates to pygmies. Yet when they came to think over the situation, reasonably, this uncertainty as to the number of their enemy proved a vital element in it. It put an unequivocal veto upon Cayley's first plan, which was to start out at once and take the aggressive against *their enemy, before he should have* time to move against them.

This bit of beach where the hut stood was practically fortified. The cliff behind it was absolutely sheer, and was capped with deep, perpetual snow. Half a mile to the westward was the promontory, and about half a mile up the beach from the hut, to the eastward, the glacier projected its ice masses in a long floe out to seaward. This glacier provided the only practicable means of entrance to the interior valley and the ledge where the gold was.

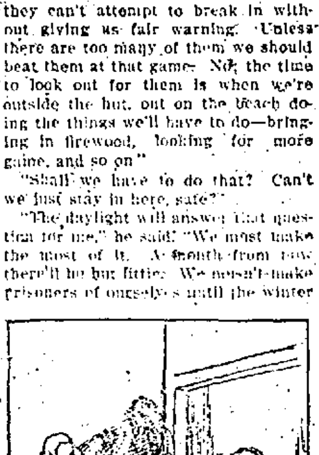
By means of a large scale map, Cayley pointed out to Jeanne this advantage of their position. "So long as we stick to this bit of beach," he said, "we can't be rushed nor surprised. No one can attack us without either coming down the glacier at one end, or around the promontory at the other. From either direction they've got to approach without cover. Of course if there are a lot of them, we shan't have any chance. But it may be there's only one, and it's likely that there are not more than three."

"But at night," said the girl, "—at night there'll be nothing to prevent their coming as close as they please. *They may be out there, not* a dozen yards away."

"They're not doing much if they are. We're securely barricaded here, and they can't attempt to break in without giving us fair warning. Unless there are too many of them we should beat them at that game. No, the time to look out for them is when we're outside the hut, out on the beach doing the things we'll have to do—bringing in firewood, looking for more game, and so on."

"Shall we have to do that? Can't we just stay in here, safe?"

"The daylight will answer that question for me," he said. "We must make the most of it. A month from now there'll be but little. We mustn't make prisoners of ourselves until the winter does it for us. There is one thing, though," he added thoughtfully after a little silence, "one thing that I must do at once, and that is to destroy these sheds where they kept their stores. They would furnish a cover—as good a cover as any enemy could ask for. They hinder our view up the beach."



"He's Afraid," Said Jeanne, After a Little Thoughtful Silence.

"How long do you suppose it will last?" she asked, in a voice that shook a little. "How long can it last? How long can we live like that, even supposing that our watch is effective and that they aren't able *to* surprise us?" She clasped her hands, with a shudder, and gripped them between her knees. "Oh, if it would only happen soon," she went on, "whatever it is!"

"What I don't understand," said Cayley, "is why they haven't attacked us already. Why have they waited until we are fortified and secure? Why didn't they attack us yesterday morning when they would have found us helpless?"

"Surely," said Jeanne, "he couldn't have hoped for a better opportunity to attack me than he had when I was alone there in the twilight, before you came flying down out of the sky; and you said he was quite near. Why do you suppose he didn't? Why do you suppose he waited?"

"And even after I came down," said Cayley, "I was helpless for a minute while I was getting clear of my planes. Yes, that was his chance, and yet he waited. After we had gone, he apparently scaled the cliff, for his tracks led right up to it, and then disappeared. It's not quite so precipitously steep there as it is here, but I would hardly have dreamed that a human being could climb it."

"He's afraid," said Jeanne after a little thoughtful silence, "simply afraid. *But if he's the man we think* he is, it wouldn't be a human fear. It must be superstitious in some way. It wouldn't be wonderful if he *felt* that, after the two glimpses he had of you. I remember how I felt at first when you alighted on the floe beside me. He's seen you twice, remember. The first time at night in the fog; the second time in broad day, with the sun on your wings. No, it isn't strange if he thinks of you, not as a man at all, but as a sort of terrible angel keeping guard over me. When I go very long without seeing you, or when I see you in flight, I get to thinking of you in that way myself."

"If that's the way he thinks of me," said Cayley, "we'll try not to disabuse him. A belief like that is an item on our side of the ledger, certainly. And we haven't any such balance in our favor that we can afford to throw an advantage away, even a small one."

Really the balance of advantage between them and their enemy was amazingly even. They had the hut, the enemy the stores. They had Captain Fielding's journal, their enemy the experience and practical knowledge of the country. They were two, with but a single weapon between them. Their enemy, for aught they knew, might be one or a half a dozen; and how armed, they did not know.

Fortunately, no prophetic vision enabled them to anticipate, on that first evening, the length of time that that precarious life and death balance would maintain itself. They had agreed, Philip and Jeanne, that the only thing to do was to wait and to maintain an unwinking vigilance. But both of them thought of the duration of this wait in terms of hours, or, at most, days. Had they foreseen that it would stretch itself out into weeks and months, they might well have despaired.

There were two things that kept them from succumbing to despair. The first was that they never really permitted themselves to hope, to indulge in any thoughts of a summer's day when their horizon should be cut by the spars and funnels of a ship bringing relief. They were simply going to live one day at a time. For *every day that they could snatch out* of the hand of death, they would give thanks. It was the only attitude possible for people in their condition.

And the thing that helped them to maintain it was the abundance of necessary routine occupation. They divided their day into watches. Cayley slept from four o'clock in the afternoon until midnight and then kept watch alone, as the girl had done, until eight. During that period they remained inside the hut. The day, from eight until four, they spent out of doors, when the condition of the weather made this possible, either at work or merely tramping up and down for exercise.

At first there was a good deal of work to do. Tearing down the sheds which clustered about the hut, and reducing their frames and planking to firewood was an arduous task, but he worked at it until it was done, Jeanne standing sentinel all the time.

When it was done, they were practically secure against surprise, for from their windows, with the aid of a field-glass which Cayley had found in the observatory, they were able to sweep the whole beach absolutely clean, in both directions.

And almost every day while the light lasted, with Jeanne, armed with the revolver, keeping watch before the hut, Cayley took to his wings and patrolled the beach, from the glacier to the promontory, high up above the level of the crest of the cliff. His flight was always along the same track. He never winged his way inland nor out to sea.

There were two reasons for this. *He dared not go so far away from* Jeanne that a flash and a swoop would not bring him to her side. The other reason was, that if a superstitious fear of this great man-bird were really what deterred their enemy from attacking them, it was well to let him believe that immunity from this portent could be secured by keeping away from this particular stretch of beach.

As the shortening days sped by and began to get themselves reckoned into weeks, the conviction grew upon Philip and Jeanne that their securest protection lay in his wings, in the terrorizing effect upon their invisible, silent enemy of the majestic winged apparition which was so often seen soaring in midsky above the hut and the little stretch of beach surrounding it. Something was protecting them evidently. Almost every week brought some evidence, not only of the existence but the nearness of their enemy. They never actually caught sight or sound of him, but some times when the wind blew from the right quarter they could make out, with their field-glass, a wrack of brownish smoke, such as would be given off by burning whale oil, drifting down from somewhere along the glacier, and made visible by the dazzling whiteness of that background.

And sometimes they saw track in the newly fallen snow, never coming very near the hut, but trespassing a little way, either down from the glacier or up from the headland, upon the stretch of beach they were defending. They never found the tracks of more than a single man, and these were always the same. So that they came to believe, although they could not know, that they had only one man to deal with.

They sometimes speculated on the question whether he was Roscoe or some other member of the Walrus crew; really, in fact, they found it impossible to hope that it was any other than he.

They got proof of his identity, or what amounted to it, along toward the end of October. Cayley's keen eyes caught, one day, from up aloft where he was soaring, the glint of something on the beach near the foot of the headland. He circled down in a long swoop, caught it up without alighting and mounted into the air, a trick of aeronautics which made Jeanne, accustomed as she was by now to seeing him in flight, catch her breath a little.

When he descended and alighted beside her a few moments later, he showed her a sheath knife, the haft of which was a rudely carved walrus tusk. The hand of the last user of it had had blood upon it, and its imprint upon the surface of the ivory was plainly to be seen. The lines in the palm were traceable and, lengthwise, along the side of the handle, the print of an immense thumb.

"You see," said Cayley quietly, "he was using this knife left-handed."

The girl paled a little as she handed the weapon back to him, but she spoke quietly enough:

"It's good to know," she said, "almost a relief."

(To be continued.)

The Three Great Channels.

Every human being—man, woman and child, hero and convict, neurasthenic and deep sea fisherman, athlete and invalid—needs the blessing of God through three, and only three, great channels—responsibility, recreation and affection; work, play and love. With these any life is happy in spite of sorrow and pain, successful despite the bitterest failures. Without them a man breaks his heart, severs his conscious connection with God. If you want to keep a headstrong, fatuous youth from overreaching himself you try to give him responsibility, recreation and affection. If you want to put courage and aspiration into the gelatinous character of a street walker or the flickering mentality of a hysteric you labor to furnish just the same trio—work, recreation and affection. In every case the healing power which you want to give is real life, and real life means just these three things. The same needs are fixed for all of us and the same all sufficing bounty is the supply if we can get and keep in touch with it.—Atlantic.

Mice For Whooping Cough.

A fairly alarming relic of medieval nostrums came to my notice recently. A mother was discussing with her housekeeper the probability of her children taking whooping cough, which was then prevalent in the community. The housekeeper, a most dependable, valuable helper, of more than average good sense and judgment, said: "Mrs. Black, if you'll let me I can keep your children from having whooping cough. I've kept lots of children from having it, but I wouldn't do it without telling you first."

"Well, Martha, what is it?"

"You catch a live mouse and kill and dress it and stuff it and bake it and feed it to the children. It isn't bad to take, and of course they don't know what it is. That would spoil the charm."

To my friend's exclamation of horror she replied with conviction, "I've given it to lots of children, and never one of them had whooping cough."—Mary Newell Youtz in Designer.

When Wagner Died.

"Nearly all the visitors to Venice," says a letter from that city, "go to the Vendramin palace to see the place where Wagner lived nearly a year and where he died in February, 1883. We who were here on that glorious spring day when they bore the master away, who remember the long line of mourning barges, wish that the palace could have among other mementos a picture of that occasion. The great state barge contained Anton Seidl's orchestra, and after it came barges with singers, nobles, great men and women all in deepest mourning. This is the scene which some artist should fix on canvas. But, alas, he who saw it could never know what it represented unless he had been here at the time. The music, under Seidl and Neumann, and its effect on the mourning throng no brush could portray."

Last Revolutionary Survivor.

The last survivor of the Revolutionary war was John Gray, who died in Noble county, O., aged 104 years, on March 29, 1868. He came to the Buckeye State early in its existence. For some years before he died he drew an annual pension of $500 from the government, General John A. Bingham having got a special act through congress for this. Gray's father was killed at the battle of Stillwater and he took his place in the army, being only sixteen years old then. He served through the remainder of the war. His military record is on file at the office of the state commissioner of soldiers' claims.—Columbus Dispatch.

The Bull of Perillus.

Perillus of Athens is said to have invented for Phalaris, tyrant of Agrigentum, 570 B. C., a brazen bull which opened on the side to admit victims who were to be roasted by the fire which was built underneath. The dying groans of the sufferers resembled closely the roaring of a mad bull. Phalaris greatly admired the invention and by way of test roasted the inventor first. Later the populace rose in rebellion and burned Phalaris.

Poe's Short Stories.

There are in the best of Poe's brief tales a constructive skill, a command of design and a gift of decoration rare in any literature and almost unknown in English, which is ever unduly negligent of form. And no one need wonder that Poe's short stories wandered swiftly out of our language into French and Italian and Spanish, into German and Scandinavian and Bohemian, into strange tongues where no other American author, except Fenimore Cooper, had ever before penetrated. His weird psychologic studies have influenced later writers as unlike as Maupassant and Richepin, Fitz-James, O'Brien, Robert Louis Stevenson and Rudyard Kipling. His tales of a mystery solved at last by observation and deduction have been imitated by Dumas and Sardou, by Gaboriau and Boisgobey, by Wilkie Collins and Conan Doyle. And Sherlock Holmes, the only fictitious character to win international recognition in the final years of the nineteenth century, is the reincarnation of a figure first projected by Poe.—Brander Matthews in Century.

Making a Cake With the Bible.

The following unique recipe for Scripture cake is copied from an old English cookbook. For the ingredients and directions for making the cake you must refer to the Bible, in the chapters and verses given herewith. It may be added that by carefully following the directions you will be able to make a most delicious cake—the very best thing for a Sunday afternoon tea:

Four and a half cups of I Kings iv. 22; half pound Judges v. 25; two cups Jeremiah vi. 20; two cups Nahum iii. 12; two cups I Samuel xxx. 12; two cups Numbers xvii. 8; two teaspoonfuls I Samuel xiv. 25; to taste, II Chronicles ix. 9; six Jeremiah xvii. 11; one and a half cups Judges iv. 19; two teaspoonfuls Amos iv. 5; one pinch Leviticus ii. 13; directions, Proverbs xxiii. 14; bake one and a half to two hours. Baking powder may be used instead of yeast, or leaven, as it is termed in the Bible.

The Handkerchief Came From Italy.

A writer in a French review points out that the handkerchief does not come to us from China, as has been generally believed, but from Italy. It is only 300 years ago that the handkerchief of a Venetian lady was considered a great curiosity. The handkerchief crossed the Alps and was received with great favor at the court of France. Handkerchiefs were then made of cambric or lawn and bordered with Venetian or Alencon lace. Under Henry III. of France the sachet was introduced. The handkerchief was taken into Germany a little later and was known as the "fazelletin," after its Italian name. Only persons of quality used it, and an edict in 1595 was published at Dresden interdicting the use of the handkerchief among the trading classes.—London Globe.

Careful of His Gun.

In one of the small mountain towns of Kentucky lived Dan, a half wit, with whom the boys often went hunting. On one of these trips Dan and the young man with him were between two hills when a rabbit jumped up in front of them and ran up the hill to Dan's right. The other fellow, being on Dan's left, did not wish to take the chance of shooting at the rabbit for fear of an accident, so he said: "There he goes, Dan! Shoot him, shoot him!" But Dan simply stood still and watched the rabbit disappear over the hill, and his partner wanted to know why he didn't shoot. After a moment's silence he answered, talking through his nose: "Did you take me for a fool? Do you think I was going to strain my gun shooting uphill?"—Judge.

Spoiled the Solemnity.

Joseph H. Choate when ambassador to the court of St. James and Mark Twain were together in St. George's chapel, London, one hot day, both seemingly sobered by the solemnity of the place.

"What an awful thing it is"—Twain began in a whisper.

Mr. Choate leaned closer to catch some ponderously sad expression from the humorist.

"What an awful thing it is," Twain repeated, "to be shut up in a place where one cannot smoke."

Beyond the Styx.

"I believe you were called the father of your country," remarked the shade of Bonaparte. "Did you like the title?"

"I did," answered the shade of Washington, "but between you and me I'd hate to be even a stepfather to some of the cities therein today."—Exchange.

An Untamed Rascal.

"I don't think there is an honest hair in his head."

"That's right. I believe he'd even cheat at checkers."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Fortunate.

Sailor—Just at that moment my father received a bullet that cut off both his arms and legs and threw him into the sea. Fortunately he knew how to swim.—Paris Rire.

His Punishment.

"What makes you so late?"

"I had words with the teacher."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; I couldn't spell them."—Lippincott's.

Fencing.

Mother—I jist got a letter from Ephraim sayin' as how he's took up fencin' in college. Father—Rail, stone or barb?—Cornell Widow.

State.
Governor—John K. Tener.
State Treasurer—John O. Sheatz.
Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

District and County.
President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—Charles E. Patton, Curwensville.
State Senator—Frank E. Baldwin, Austin.
Members of Assembly—R. W. Hilton, Smethport; E. B. Benson, Mt. Jewett.
Sheriff—Wm. H. Morrison, Smethport.
Prothonotary—B. F. Starsky, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—Frank H. Foster, Smethport.
County Treasurer—F. P. Isherwood, Bradford.
Commissioners—A. M. Marsh, Bradford Twp.; J. A. Paterson, Bradford; John P. Devlin, Bradford.
Commissioners' Clerk—A. H. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—M. H. Adsit, Bradford; W. G. Holder, Smethport.
Auditors—A. A. Abbey, Smethport; A. B. Anders , Clermont; A. E. Cory, Coryville.
Coroner—E. H. Sherman, Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Bardette S. Bayle.
District Attorney—Guy B. Mayo, Smethport.

Borough.
Burgess—S. H. Cleveland.
Council—M. E. Heath, President; F. M. Bleyer, Secretary; J. W. Waite, R. W. Workley, G. H. Denning, F. L. Sherburne, J. C. Backus, H. H. Sasse.
Justices—H. C. Gleason, A. W. Calagrove.
Constable—U. H. Foote.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; F. D. Gallup, secretary; W. F. Specht, treasurer; John B. Eastman, H. H. Medfield, John Clark.
Collector—H. C. Gleason.
Assessor—G. H. Hyde.
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Judge of Election—H. S. Rubin.
Inspectors of Election—E. T. Daly, R. M. McClure.

LODGE DIRECTORY.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 8:15 o'clock p. m., at Masonic Hall, Main street.
EDGAR W. STRONG, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. [illegible], meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work initiatory degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
MARTIN CARLSON, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 2273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
J. C. CUNNINGHAM Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 46, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon.
LYDIA ABBEY, Com.
BELLE EAGAN, R. K.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. [illegible], meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
ELIZABETH TURTLE, Pres.
ANNIE STARK, Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and Third Thursdays in each month, in Odd Fellows' Hall.
EMMA M. BAYLE, W. M.
MRS. R. E. BURDICK, W. M.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in Holder Hall.
JOHN PICKERSGILL, S.
L. K. HOGARTH C. of R.

CHURCHES.

Methodist Episcopal Church—J. W. McGavern, pastor. Preaching 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school, 11:45 a. m.; Epworth League, 6:15 p. m.; Evening Service, 7:30; Mid-Week Prayer and Praise Service, Wednesday, 8 p. m.

Episcopal—Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional services at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saints Memorial Chapel—East Smethport, Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic Church—J. F. Dugan, pastor. Services at 10:30 a. m.

Wesleyan Methodist Church—J. E. Tiffany, pastor. Services at the Baptist church every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30.

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A RACE FOR A WIFE

The Girl Gave Answer in Lapland Fashion to a Proposal

By ELEANOR L. BRITTON

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Spitzburger was a great traveler. He had visited every country on the globe, and I verily believe that if aviation had come up in his day he would have sailed up beyond the clouds to find others. When I made his acquaintance he had settled down in a place he called by a jawbreaking name signifying "dwelling" that he had picked up among the Eskimos or some other benighted people. It was in the country situated on the top of a hill and looked more like a Chinese pagoda than any other structure.

Spitzburger was a widower, with one child, a daughter. She was twenty years old and for half her life had traveled during half of each year—the summer season—with her father. Heredity and travel had made her as odd as he. Rather she was unique. She was of medium height, lithe, wiry—indeed, a feminine athlete of the featherweight type. Her hair was black and straight as an Indian's; her eyes large black ones, with lashes of the Spanish type. I wondered if her mother had not been some dusky semicivilized creature her father had picked up on the underside of the world. But he told me his wife had been an American creole.

The inside of the house in which these two lived was as curious as the outside. The furniture and ornamental articles had apparently been gathered from all points of the globe, ranging from the south sea islands to Greenland. There was a mill for grinding from the Holy Land similar to those used in Bible times, a wheel from India to spin flax on, and the bathtub had been the sarcophagus of an Egyptian mummy.

The reason for my making the Spitzburgers' acquaintance was this: I was taking a postgraduate course at the time, studying the customs of different races of men, the causes and effects which shape them and their relationship. Desiring some information as to the people of Tibet, a land forbidden to foreigners and therefore little known, I was recommended to Spitzburger as one who had penetrated to the interior of that country. I went to see him, and my visit led to my studying with him.

How long I remained there doesn't matter, but it was sufficient for my enthrallment by that "little savage," as I called his daughter, Irene. Not that there was any outward intimation on my part that I was coming under a spell, and, as for the girl, I had no idea that I was any more to her than another man. Indeed, I sometimes fancied that she might have left her heart in New Zealand, Kamchatka or some other barbarous land. Whether Spitzburger suspected the drift of my inclinations I don't know, but one day he took occasion to mention with approbation the marriage customs in Lapland, where one who marries a girl without her parents' consent is adjudged guilty of a crime next below murder and is punished accordingly. I thought that he looked at me very hard, but "a guilty conscience needs no accuser," and I may have attached more meaning to his words than they covered.

The only thing to indicate that Irene and I were drifting together as lovers was that we took long walks together. I made an excuse for this that in her company I could both exercise and study. This was true. I could get from her certain information of the domestic habits of the people she had visited that I could not get from her father. One day while we were on one of these walks I said to her:

"Your father tells me that in Lapland to marry a girl without her parents' consent is punished as a crime. Please tell me how a man in that country does his courting."

"He doesn't do any courting."

"Then how does he proceed?"

"He goes to her parents and asks for her. If he is refused there is no hope for him. If they approve of his suit they tell the girl of it. She may or may not have seen the lover, but the process is the same in either case. Her parents give a feast at which they, the girl, her suitor and mutual friends are present. The two principals are placed opposite each other at table, where they can observe and talk with each other all they like."

"Well, then what? I suppose the girl has something to say in the matter, else this looking over her suitor would be useless."

"Yes, she has a good deal to say about it, but she doesn't yet make it known. She indicates her decision later. After the feast all go to an open space suitable for running a race. A course is marked off—a quarter of a mile usually—and the girl is given a handicap of a third of the distance. The handicap is intended to enable her to win the race easily if she wishes, and if she wins that indicates her refusal of the offer. But if, on the contrary, she purposely lags and her suitor catches her, that indicates she accepts him for her husband."

When Irene finished giving me this bit of a lecture on Lapland customs I walked for some distance without speaking.

"What are you thinking of?" she asked.

"I am thinking how popular this method would be at our universities, where athletics are so much in vogue. Every undergraduate would be married before the end of his course."

It was a month after this that, having got all out of Spitzburger in the line of my studies that I desired, I began to think of leaving. A singular something there was in Irene had continued to grow upon me, and—well I wanted her. Remembering what her father had said on the subject, I went to him and asked him for his daughter.

"I will inform her of the honor you do her," he said.

I waited a day for a reply, and as I received none the suspense threw me into an awful fret. At the end of the second day, the situation being the same, I was almost demented. On the morning of the third, determined to have the matter out with Irene, I asked her to go for a walk with me, the last we would take together before my departure. She assented and went up to her room for her wraps. She was some time getting them, and when she came down what was my surprise to see that she had put on a skirt reaching but little below the knees, and instead of a hat she had wrapped a veil about her head.

I didn't dream for awhile what this meant, but when she led me along a path and across a stile to a space used in season for pasture I suspected at once that she proposed to satisfy a whim by giving me an answer to my proposal after the Lapland custom. I was too hungry for it to object to the terms and was quite ready to run for my answer. Indeed, so impatient was I that I opened the subject myself.

"A good place for a race," I remarked.

"Splendid."

"And a fine morning for it too. The air is crisp and full of ozone."

"I love to snuff it in and get the odor."

"Do you see that tree yonder?"

"The oak split into two trunks near the ground?"

"Yes. I have a mind to race you for it."

"How much advantage will you give me?"

"What you like."

She pulled off a fur jacket and threw it on the ground, and I saw at once that she had divested herself of her corsets—indeed, there was nothing to interfere with any movement. Her short skirt, a tight fitting jersey and the veil about her head made an excellent racing costume.

But these preparations appalled me. What could they mean but that she desired every advantage that she might surely beat me in the race?

"I wish no handicap," she said. "I think I can beat you on equal terms. I will go over to that stump, which is about the same distance from the tree as we are here. One race would be little fun. Let us make it the best two in three. You give the signal."

"Agreed," I said, and she went off to the stump.

"One, two, three—go!" I cried.

She ran like a deer; but, spurred by love, I kept an equal pace with her. I won that race.

The second race was very different. Irene permitted me at first to gain a few yards on her, but before we had traversed two-thirds of the distance she forged ahead and reached the tree full ten feet ahead of me.

I knew now that she could beat me if she wished. Nevertheless I deemed it my proper part to do the best I could in the third and deciding race. Burning to know my fate, I wished to start at once. But she declined to go until she got her breath. While we waited I endeavored to see something encouraging in her eyes—something to indicate that these races were the answer I was expecting. But there was nothing in her expression to indicate that we were running for any purpose except pastime. She studiously ignored every other consideration.

Finally, when my patience was nearly exhausted, she signified a willingness to start. I gave the signal, and for the first half the distance she seemed determined to win. Surely she could not have put forth greater effort. I saw her glance aside to see where I was, and she dashed on, seemingly bound to reach the goal before me. But when within ten yards of it, my distance being twenty, she tripped and fell. I ran on to the tree, touched it and then back to her. Raising her, I said impatiently:

"I suppose we must try this one over."

"No," she said; "I couldn't run again."

I still held her in my arms, and, taking this for the answer I craved, I wound them about her, covering her face with kisses.

Supposing that my love had been injured by her fall, I proposed to carry her home, but she stepped out quite readily.

"How about that tripping?" I asked.

She looked at the ground, but made no reply, and I knew she had tripped on purpose.

When we returned to the house Spitzburger looked at us both curiously. I knew at once that he was aware that his daughter had given me my answer and that she had given it in accordance with the Lapland custom. He first scanned her face, but receiving no satisfaction there bent his gaze upon mine.

He did not require a long examination of my features to know that I had been made very happy, and the cause was evident. I took Irene by the hand and, leading her to her father, told him the story.

When I came to the part where Irene stumbled and fell he burst into a laugh, saying that she could run for hours without a stumble or a misstep.

The Japanese Umbrella

A Chinese Episode and Its Horrible Effect

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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A whole year passed after Nelson's return from Asia before he found himself again treading an oriental street and rubbing elbows with slant eyed, blue bloused Chinese. His present position in the custom house made it necessary that he should visit a well known silk importer, whose place of business lay in the heart of San Francisco's reconstructed Chinatown.

Jay Nelson had been glad enough to eliminate all memory of his last year in China. There had been one horrible incident from which he had fled, but whose shadow had lurked in the background of his daily life since his return to America. In broad daylight he had laughed at the fears that pursued his first sleepless, fear haunted nights. After awhile the fear gave place to a sense of security, fostered by the practical workaday happenings of his busy life.

Today, however, as he passed along Dupont street and turned into a narrower thoroughfare there burst upon him the significant fact that this part of a great city was but a fragment of the old eastern world after all.

He had to pause once or twice and inquire his way, for the house of the importer was set in the heart of the web of streets and alleys. Then when his goal lay but a few yards ahead there sprang into sudden view, bobbing along in the crowd before him, a certain green and gold paper parasol, the meaning of which was all too clear to Jay Nelson. He had a vague realization that this emblem of an old horror might have been evolved from his own morbid fancy.

He pressed forward, eager to stretch forth his hand and prove that the Japanese umbrella was a thing of air, was an optical illusion. But always it danced before him like a will-o'-the-wisp, now showing a glint of gold and green and then melting into a dozen illusive tints.

Where it went there he too must follow until he could prove by actual contact with its surface that it was a creation of his fancy and not the dreaded emblem of the White Brotherhood.

It drew him on down into the very bowels of the earth.

The paper umbrella collapsed and was cast aside, while the bearer turned to confront Nelson. Then the latter awoke from his trance-like state and stared first at the strange face that confronted him, then about the small dungeon-like room, empty of furniture and reeking with foul odors and lighted by a single swinging oil lamp. Nelson's gaze came back to the face of the Chinese, and he shivered slightly, for the face was that of a member of the dreaded order—the sign was written on the man's brow.

Instantly Nelson whipped off his coat, holding it before him as a shield and backed to the stairway leading upward.

"Hold a moment," said the Chinese in the Cantonese dialect; "I am not alone."

"Who else?" demanded Nelson sharply in the same tongue.

"The brotherhood—at each stair head they await your coming if you contemplate flight," returned the Chinese imperturbably.

"What do you want with me?"

"Command of the big brother that you be brought before him for trial."

"He came on from Hongkong to seek me?"

The Chinese cackled shrilly. Then he spat contemptuously. "The brotherhood is everywhere, Captain Leeson—wherever there are offenders there also will be found a tribunal of the brotherhood."

"Why do you call me by Captain Leeson's name?" questioned Nelson warily.

"Because you are he."

"Suppose I am not?"

"You are!" asserted the man roughly; "The brotherhood does not make mistakes."

"You blunder this time. I am Nelson."

The other laughed derisively. "I was told you would claim that name. Nelson died that night."

"Ah," cried Nelson suddenly, "you are the big brother! This is the tribunal. You are alone; you thought to fool me; see you later, Tai Lao!" He started to leap up the stairs and then stopped short.

Tai Lao made no move to arrest his flight. He merely folded his long claw tipped fingers into either capacious sleeve and smiled widely.

It was this smile that halted Nelson's departure, the smile and a certain hissing whisper that sang down the stairway and bore warning on its breath.

Again he turned to the Chinese. "Have it over with—this court of yours! Be quick, for I have business to attend to—matters of importance."

"Very good, Captain Leeson," commented the man called Tai Lao. "Follow me."

He led the way to a shadowy corner and pushed open a door into another dimly lighted room. At a long table sat seven men, three on either side and one at the end. At the farther end of the table there stood a wide armed empty chair. Except for a low swung lamp above the table the room was devoid of other furnishing.

"Captain Leeson," he announced in a low voice, "on trial for betraying secrets of the White Brothers."

"Captain Leeson died, as you all know," said Nelson sternly. "I saw him die, killed by your orders. He died in the street of"—

"Silence!" menaced the leader. "He claims to be Nelson, the one who died that night."

The seven nodded in unison, but did not remove their gaze from Nelson's angry face.

He kept silence now, briefly reviewing the strange events that had snatched him from the busy streets of the city into as dismal a den of murderers as one might hope to find along the water front of any Chinese city.

Before his eyes there flashed a picture of his last year in China. Then he had been in the diplomatic service of his country. Leeson, his friend, an Englishman in the British employ at Hongkong—inspector of health or something of that sort—had interested Nelson in his establishment of a leper colony down in Anam.

It was Leeson's ambition to clean out the lepers hidden in the city, to root them out from their places of concealment and transport them to the colony where preparations had been made for their segregation, where their cases should be studied and modern methods be employed.

It happened that the afflicted ones looked on the idea of banishment with distaste. They cared little to be herded together in a foreign province far from friends and familiar scenes. They cared nothing whatever for the benefits that might accrue to posterity through their segregation.

Leeson's efforts met with little success, and he brought the law to his aid. Thus he gained permission to capture the afflicted ones, and so his colony prospered for awhile. Then there was formed against him the society of the White Brothers, created to protect the lepers scattered throughout the city from Leeson's agents. Each one bore some mark of the disease, and they had some other emblem by which they might be known to each other if the mark of the disease was not plain enough. And this emblem was the green and gold paper umbrella, with its snaky twisting golden dragon coiling in and out of the green painted bamboo shoots.

Nelson remembered the first time he had seen them—that night of Leeson's carefully planned expedition into a suspected quarter. It was at night, and red lanterns had lighted the street down its crooked length. Suddenly there had burst upon them and the three agents who accompanied Leeson a hideous babel of cracked voices; a horrible spectacle of ghastly faces; a leprous mob that leered and jeered at them; that drove them point by point toward the end of the street of lepers; a yelling crowd that received the bullets from their revolvers and died noisily; a filthy crew that tried to touch them, that longed to render them as loathsome as itself.

Leeson had been killed, and Nelson tried to forget the sight as the rest of them got away. The next day he led a party back to the street, but it was deserted. Even poor Leeson's body had disappeared. After this outbreak the matter went under the supervision of a large medical corps, and the colony at Anam was augmented by several hundred cases. Nelson resigned from the service and went home, sickened of the whole dubious web of oriental life, thankful that he had escaped contact—that he was clean.

Now they had found him out they would take their revenge for his betrayal of their outbreak. It pleased them to call him by Leeson's name. As Leeson he would probably die in this hole in the ground under San Francisco.

Nelson determined to force some immediate action from the men who had sprung up in this faraway city to call him to account for his setting the hounds of law upon their trail. All his hideous dreams of the past year seemed to have been realized in the strange events of this day that would undoubtedly be his last on earth.

It had been a strange day, and even now, face to face with death—for the presence of these White Brothers meant nothing less—he seemed to be moving in a dream more frightful than anything his sleeping mind had conceived.

"Fire ahead," he said recklessly; "I'm not afraid of you. Come on, every devil's imp of you!" He flashed out the revolver he always carried just as they arose in a body and came at him, a ghastly company with stretching, clutching fingers and fiendish eyes.

Then Jay Nelson awoke. He sat up in bed, his brow dripping sweat and his heart pounding with excitement, for once more he had dreamed of the Japanese umbrella and the horrible band whose emblem it was. This was the worst dream of all, and he murmured devout thanks that it had been a dream.

Sitting there with the morning sunshine streaming into the room and a fresh breeze from the bay ruffling his hair, Nelson saw the early newspaper slid under his door. Eager to be in touch with the commonplaces of every day life, he fetched it and read the headlines. After awhile, in a corner of the sheet, he read that the Hongkong authorities were satisfied that they had rid that city of its lepers. The White Brotherhood had been broken up, and most of its members were in Anam colony. The leader, Tai Lao, was dead. Captain Leeson's death had been avenged.

Jay Nelson went forth that morning a care free man to interview the silk importer in Chinatown. At last he was emancipated from fear. He would dream no more.

FOUND—A POCKETBOOK

The Story of Its Restoration and Its Contents.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

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It lay in the gutter as Pauline picked her dainty way across the street. She saw it, and rescued it from the mud—a long flat pocketbook of Russia leather, such as a man might carry. It was bulky with letters or papers or perhaps money. Pauline slipped the pocketbook into her muff and hurried on her way home.

When she reached her own room she spread the contents of the leather book on her dressing table. There was a large package of banknotes, $400 in all, together with a picture, a portrait cut from some magazine of a girl in a black velvet gown wearing a black velvet picture hat and holding a long stemmed rose in one hand.

"YOU DON'T MIND, DAD?" SHE WHISPERED.

Pauline looked at the picture with rising indignation, for it was a half tone reproduction of Fleming's portrait of herself. The original picture hung in her father's study downstairs.

There was a single line under the picture which had evidently illustrated some special article on Fleming, the painter. It read, "An example of Fleming's delicate portraiture."

The next day Pauline caused to be inserted in a morning paper a brief advertisement:

Found.—A pocketbook. Owner may call and prove property. No. 66 W. — street.

A continuous line of people who had lost pocketbooks of some description kept the Cameron servants to rigid attendance upon the door.

Four o'clock came and not one applicant had aroused that assurance in Pauline's breast that here was the man who had carried her picture within his pocketbook.

Again the bell rang, and the servant ushered in a tall slender man, immaculately dressed, whose air was that of Pauline's own world.

His quick glance swept boldly from Pauline's lovely dark face to the luxuriously furnished room, in one corner of which sat Pauline's maid, quietly alert.

"You have found my pocketbook, I believe," said the man pleasantly. "Awfully careless of me, you know, to drop it. Found it in Broadway, I suppose?"

"No," said Pauline graciously, "I didn't find it in Broadway. What color was the book you lost and what was its size?"

"Dark green Russia—about eight inches long."

"What did it contain?" asked Pauline.

"Money," hesitated the man—"several hundred dollars and a few trinkets."

"I'm sorry, but your description doesn't fit at all," said Pauline pleasantly, and she wondered at the ugly frown that crossed the man's brow. It was not so much a frown of disappointment as an expression of baffled rage.

The callers came at long intervals, and they were all men. Some were young and others were old, and each one offered a description that nearly fitted the pocketbook she had found. At last the callers dwindled down to one last straggler, a most prepossessing young man whose manners were especially engaging.

"I'm such a careless beggar," he explained to Pauline; "I'm always losing something or other."

"Of course I must ask you to identify the pocketbook," hesitated Pauline. Here, she felt, was the real owner of the article.

"It was a dark Russia leather, almost new, about ten inches long. It contained between $300 and $400 in bills—and something else. There was no mark of identification in the way of letters or anything of that sort. I dropped it somewhere near the park about the Sixties or Seventies—that is, I missed it shortly after I passed West Seventy-second street and went back to search for it, but it could not be found." He spoke rapidly and positively, and Pauline felt a little thrill that she had at last discovered the real owner.

Nevertheless she was rather piqued by the fact that although he might have cared enough about her picture to carry it within his pocketbook the claimant did not seem to recognize by any outward sign that the original of the picture sat before him. Consequently she pressed the point to her own chagrin.

"And the other article contained in the book?" she asked. "If you will identify that"—she paused suggestively.

For an instant he hesitated, then spoke with decision. "From its character you will understand why the subject is a delicate one."

"Here is the pocketbook," said Pauline smiling. "I am sure it is the one you lost, and I am very glad to restore it to you."

The owner almost snatched the book from her hand, so eager did he seem to recover his property. He stammered hasty words of gratitude and without opening the pocketbook thrust it in his pocket and took his leave with apparent relief.

When she was alone Pauline smiled rather maliciously as she took from a table drawer the clipped picture of herself and carried it to her room.

That night at dinner her father spoke somewhat vexedly. "Do you recollect Pauline, my dear, that I promised you should have that set of furs in Wickel's?"

"How could I forget, dad? You don't mean that you have really ordered them for me?" cried Pauline delightedly.

"I was about to do so yesterday when I lost my pocketbook. I'd been to the bank and drawn the cash, was bringing it home to you, when somehow—somewhere not far from home, I lost the confounded thing. You'll have to wait another week for the furs, puss."

"What sort of pocketbook was it, dad?" asked Pauline mechanically. The question seemed a natural one enough now—she had interviewed so many lost property owners that day.

"New one I bought a week ago, red Russia, had four hundred in it and a clipping of some sort about queer uses of electricity."

"Dad!" cried Pauline tragically.

"Well?" asked her father. "I know it was careless, but"—

"It isn't that, but I believe I found that very pocketbook yesterday. I advertised it in this morning's paper."

"Well, by Jove, where is it?" asked her father, with keen interest.

"I don't know where it is now," confessed Pauline. "I've interviewed dozens of people today. It does seem as though the streets must be strewn with pocketbooks, so many have been lost. I was most particular about identification, and it happened that the last young man who called described the pocketbook so accurately that I gave it to him."

Mr. Lester knitted his brows thoughtfully. "That's very queer, Pauline. You better tell me all about it and be sure and recollect all you can about the people who called in regard to the matter. You see, there are many dishonest men, and women, too, for that matter, who make a business of answering advertisements of that sort. Sometimes they can guess very accurately at the appearance of a lost article. Indeed, so clever are they that they manage to possess themselves of many articles to which they have not the slightest right. Did you find a clipping in the book?"

Pauline flushed at her own vanity in attributing the possession of her picture to some infatuated young man when it was that dearest of men, her father, after all, who had preserved her likeness.

"I didn't notice the clipping, dad," she said, "but I did find a magazine reproduction of my portrait—that and the money."

"I certainly did not have your picture, Pauline, but that is a detail. Tell me what you can about the people who came today."

Pauline did so, omitting no incident that she could remember and calling upon her maid to substantiate any doubtful points in her narrative. When she had concluded Mr. Lester shook mirthfully.

"Never mind, Pauline; but it is rather funny, you know. I'm afraid there was more avarice than romance in the situation. Very likely the last half dozen men who called were in league to claim the pocketbook. By clever guessing and the process of eliminating certain facts the last claimant was able to give a rather accurate description of the article and so assured you of his ownership. There, my dear, don't feel badly. Almost anybody might have been deceived in the same way. Suppose you come to my study and show me the picture. You say you kept that."

Quite mortified and very penitent, Pauline fetched the clipping from her room and laid it on her father's desk. Mr. Lester adjusted his eyeglasses and looked critically at the clipping. Then he nodded approval.

"Very good indeed, Pauline." Then he turned the paper over and smiled humorously. "Some Peculiar Uses of Electricity," he read, handing the clipping to her.

Pauline looked and blushed painfully. "What a vain goose I am! Are you not ashamed to have such a foolish daughter? But it was a coincidence, wasn't it?"

Mr. Lester drew her down to his knee and kissed her gently. "There is more to this matter, Pauline. I happened into Frank Seymour's office today and picked up this clipping from his desk. He had just cut it from a magazine, and it lay 'electricity' side up. I read part of it and asked him if I might borrow the clipping. He seemed rather embarrassed. I understand the reason now. The sly young dog!"

Pauline buried her blushing face on his shoulder. "You don't mind, dad?" she whispered.

"Yes and no, Pauline," he admitted between a sigh and a smile. "It is not unexpected, and when Frank comes send him to me, and you need not be afraid of the outcome."